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PENTHOUSE Letters



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SALUTATIONS

Here Comes Cupid!

The holiday of love is upon us. Good ol' Valentine's Day! Didn't we just get through with the holidays, what with Christmas, Chanukah, New Year's and Kwanzaa? It can certainly be dizzying this time of year trying to keep up with it all. Luckily, we have a remedy.

The Magazine of Sexual Marvels offers you a sensuous break from it all. You can take us with you wherever you may go: bed, the office, the garage, the bathroom (wink, wink). Rest assured that no matter where you "enjoy" us, enjoy us you will!

Whether your interests lie in what the MILFs in the neighborhood are up to or the randy wives in the car pool or chasing and capturing a sexy piece of ass, we've got you covered.

And there's *so much more* to keep your fire ignited on the pages that await you. Grab your lover! Grab your friend's lover! Grab yourself! Whatever your pleasure, just do it! We here at *Penthouse Letters* know that you need time to reboot and reenergize, and although we can't promise you'll have much energy when you get through with this issue, we can promise you that it will certainly be worth it!

We'd also like to let you know about the February issue of *Penthouse Variations* (on sale now). There are many ways to love, and in this issue of *Variations*, whether you're into women, men or both, the titillating letters unveil dark, hidden passions sure to light your fire. Don't miss out!

If you're someone who would rather shoot Cupid than be shot, pick up the February issue of *Forum*, on sale January 5th, for a funny, less lovey-dovey look at the holiday of love.

Okay, readers, time to get your read on!—*The Editors*



LETTERS



She was living with two guys, but she screwed around nonetheless

Sid and I had been married for almost 20 years when we invited our long-time friend Otto to join us in a three-way marriage, the two of them sharing me both in and out of bed. This worked out well, and we were a happy threesome for years. I was getting more sex at home than I had ever thought possible.

I am constantly horny, and have nearly always been willing when a man made a pass at me, so Sid had to be a very special man to stand by me and continue to love me while I constantly screwed around on him, fucking any Tom, Dick or Harry who wanted a piece of my ass.

Once Otto joined our marriage, however I stopped doing it with other men—well, almost. I did let a few guys do their best to put out the smoldering fire in my pants when my two husbands weren't around. One of those times was just a couple of weeks ago, when I went up to our summer home on the lake to clean the place in preparation for our annual vacation.

When I got there I was quite pleasantly surprised to find Grace, a neighbor who watched the place for us when we weren't there, finishing up the task I'd gone up to do. I had contacted her to let her know we were going to be coming up, so being a dear, she had taken it upon herself to clean the



house and get it all ready for us. I was so grateful that I insisted on taking her out to lunch, where I was able to slip a 50-dollar bill in her purse when she wasn't looking, as I knew she wouldn't have taken it otherwise. When we got back to our place I thanked her again before she went home.

All that was left to do was for the guys to bring the patio furniture up from the basement when they

arrived. I went upstairs to change into an old pair of cutoffs and a crop top, not bothering with panties or a bra. I'm proud of my petite 53-year-old body, which stands five feet two and weighs about 105 pounds. My boobs are a C-cup and still fairly firm, my waist is a trim 22, and my hips 33. My guys tell me I'm a very fuckable package, which makes me feel happy as well as sexy.

I'd just gotten my top on

when I heard a knock at the door downstairs. When I opened it I found Dave, Grace's nephew, standing on my step. I knew him quite well, as he spent all his summers with his aunt and uncle.

"My God, Dave," I said, smiling at him. "You have really grown up!"

"Well, I'll be nineteen in three weeks," Dave said. "And I'm off to college in the fall."

I told him it was nice to see him, and invited him in to have a soda with me. I led the way to the kitchen, and when I turned around I caught him staring at my ass. I knew the cutoffs I was wearing showed off the lower part of my ass cheeks, which he had obviously been watching.

As we sat at the kitchen table he said, "My aunt told me you need your patio furniture taken up, so I stopped by to do that for you." I told him that wasn't necessary, as my two guys could do it easily when they got there, but he insisted. When we finished our drinks I led the way again, feeling his eyes on my ass all the way down to the basement. He was young and strong and soon had the job done, so I offered him another soda while I dusted off the furniture.

I was bent over one of the lounges when Dave came up behind me unexpectedly and gently squeezed the cheeks of my ass. I straightened up, turning around to scold him, but before I could speak he

grabbed me and laid a hot, passionate kiss on my lips. His tongue invaded my mouth as his hands pulled me snugly against his hard-on. I felt immediately aroused by the feel of his hard cock pressing against my mound, bringing moisture to my crotch. When our lips finally parted he looked straight into my eyes, saying, "You don't have any idea how long and how much I've wanted to fuck you, Ruth!"

"But Dave," I said, a little breathlessly. "I'm a married woman, and over thirty years older than you!"

"I know that," Dave replied. "But I'd just like to show you what I have for you." Before I could react he had undone his shorts, letting them slip down to expose a rampant erection that was a bit thicker and two inches longer than those of either of my husbands, both of whom sported a good seven inches. Just looking at Dave's beautiful unit standing proudly before my eyes was making it very tempting to cheat on them—especially as they wouldn't be arriving until the next day.

Instead I twisted away from him and went back into the kitchen, but he was hot on my heels, catching me easily and pressing me up against the counter with his unleashed cock firmly against my tummy as his lips once again met mine. As we kissed I felt moisture on the bare skin just below my breasts, which I knew had to be precome oozing

from the tip of his swollen cock.

My resolve was fading quickly, and it disappeared completely as he got my cutoffs undone and slipped his hand inside, where there was nothing in his way but

he nudged the head of his manhood between my slippery lips to find the entrance to my dripping cunt, then slowly fed his entire cock into my body. He paused for a brief moment before proceeding

"That was amazing!" he panted. "I've never seen a woman have such an intense orgasm before. It was beautiful!"

I said nothing, but clung to him as the speed of his thrusts increased until he



soft curls and slippery flesh. He cupped my pussy in his hand and massaged it gently, until I was so aroused my juices began trickling down my inner thighs. Then I lost it altogether and started begging him to fuck me, pushing my shorts down until they dropped to my ankles.

Dave boosted me up onto the counter then, raising my knees until my feet rested on the countertop. Stepping between my legs,

to fuck me urgently. His cock felt enormous, and was in perfect position to rub the spongy surface of my G-spot with each deep stroke. My G-spot is very sensitive, and I soon reached a gut-twisting orgasm that caused me to squirt clear warm juice all over our loins.

Dave paused, startled briefly by my ejaculation. Then a huge smile broke across his face as he resumed fucking me slowly.

was fucking me just as hard as before, and I could feel another hot gusher starting to build. I knew I was only seconds away, so I pleaded for him to come with me. I felt his cock throb as he buried it as deep as possible inside me. Then surge after surge of hot semen jetted into my cunt, setting off my own climax and causing me to squirt again.

It was a couple of minutes before either of us could speak. Dave found

PENTHOUSE Letters



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his voice first, saying, "Man, I wouldn't have believed that sex with an older woman could be so fantastic! I can't ever thank you enough for giving me this experience."

"Thank you, Dave," I said. "You are pretty damn good yourself. But I hope you realize the importance of being discreet and keeping this between the two of us. I'd be in real big trouble if anyone found out about it."

Dave promised me he would never say anything, and thanked me again as he began to pull up his shorts.

"You aren't leaving, are you? I said. "I don't know about you, but I would like to try doing this in a nice comfortable bed, and I'm sure that big gun has more than one load in it. I know I'd sure like to find out."

Dave was only too happy to comply. I called Grace, telling her that Dave was helping me clean the basement, and that later on I was going to make him dinner in return. After hanging up I led Dave upstairs, where we stripped away what little clothing we were wearing. I knew he had more to give me, and was pleased to see that he already had a hard-on when he dropped his shorts.

When I looked back up at his face I saw that he was gazing in fascination at my breasts. Walking up to me, he reached out to fondle them eagerly. "Damn, I have dreamed about seeing these tits," he told me. "But I didn't realize how large

and truly beautiful they are." He then proceeded to lick and suck on them until I pulled him to the bed.

We spent the afternoon in that bed, where my young stud fucked me four more times, I lost count of how many orgasms he gave me before we broke for dinner around six. An hour later, having recharged our bodies, we went back upstairs.

We'd done just about everything a male and female can do together by the time I told him he had to go home before his aunt got worried. We took a shower together before he left, and I bent over and gave him his first anal experience under the running water, using a mild soap as a lubricant.

When my two guys arrived the next day I was debating with myself whether or not to tell them about my tryst with Dave. But the decision was taken out of my hands soon after they got there, when Otto looked at me and said, "You know, Sid, just from looking at her, it would be my guess that our lady got herself some strange cock last night. Doesn't she seem to have that fresh-fucked look to you?"

Well, I knew I was busted, so I confessed everything, and it turned out to be one of those rare times when I ended up in bed with both my husbands as they tag-fucked me for hours. They each have their own bedroom, and usually I go from bed to bed, doing one at a time. But this time

neither of them could wait, and I couldn't help thinking that maybe I should tell them about my cheating more often.—*R.C., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma*

After seeing his sons with their neighbor, he figured it was his turn

I am a long-divorced 50-year-old male, now living with my two grown sons. Ike is 25 and Carl is 23. They both tend to be pretty wild, and enjoy drinking and chasing women all over town.

A few weeks ago a woman named Gretchen moved into our townhouse complex with her daughter Anna. Gretchen is in her mid-40s, while her daughter is 24. I naturally thought that my boys would immediately go for the daughter, but it turned out I was wrong.

Late one night I was out for a walk, and I passed by Gretchen's house. It happened that her blinds were open, and looking in the window I saw both of my boys fucking her wildly. I was dumbstruck. They were all naked, and I couldn't help seeing that Gretchen had a damn good body for her age. I watched them for a few minutes and then went home.

The next day I confronted my sons and asked them what the hell was going on. They were a little embarrassed at first, but then the story started coming out, and as they told it they became less inhibited and more open.

It seemed that a few days earlier my younger son Carl had bumped into Gretchen at the supermarket and offered to help her carry her groceries home.

As they were walking to her house, Carl started telling her how good-looking she was, and how she looked really hot. Gretchen thanked him, and then asked him if he wanted to come in for a drink. Carl said sure.

Gretchen got a beer from the fridge and gave it to



him, and he downed it really fast and asked for another. Gretchen went into the kitchen and was bent over, getting the beer from the fridge, when Carl, who was always horny, walked up behind her, took hold of her hips and started rubbing his groin over her ass.

Gretchen was shocked

“Carl, who was always horny, walked up behind her, took hold of her hips and started rubbing his groin over her ass. Gretchen was shocked”

LETTERS

and told him to stop. She backed up, trying to get away, but the movement just pushed her ass harder against his cock. Carl put one hand on her back to keep her in position, then put his other hand under her skirt and started rubbing her ass.

Gretchen did not struggle very hard, but she told Carl that she was old enough to his mother. Carl said he was glad she wasn't, because he wanted to fuck her. He took his cock out and rubbed it over her ass while feeling up her still firm tits, and Gretchen started moaning. When he told her to get on her knees she didn't protest, and he rubbed his cock over her face, then told her to open wide and suck it for him.

Gretchen was soon playing with his balls as well as sucking his dick, until he pulled out of her mouth, pulled off her panties and laid her on her back with her legs wide open, so he could lick her pussy. As he tongued her slit he slowly pushed one finger up her asshole, and Gretchen was going wild. She started begging him to put his cock in her ass, so he found a bottle of cooking oil and smeared some over his dick and her anus. Then he pushed his cock into her ass a little at a time, while playing with her big tits. He fucked her that way for half an hour, and she climaxed several times before he came in her ass.

They took a shower together, and afterwards

Carl was horny again and told her he needed a blow-job. So she got on her knees, undid his pants and sucked on his cock until he blew his load in her mouth. Some of it leaked out of her mouth, but she licked it from her lips, trying to get as much as possible. Then Carl left.

My two sons tell each other everything, so first chance he got Carl told Ike all about Gretchen and what they had done. Ike then said that they should both do Gretchen at the same time.

So the next Saturday night Carl went over to Gretchen's place, and when she let him in he deliberately left the door unlocked behind him. They started making out right away. Gretchen had on a tube top, a short skirt and stockings. Carl pulled her top down and licked her nipples, while Gretchen undid his pants to free his cock.

When Ike showed up and let himself in, he saw Gretchen on her knees, sucking Carl's cock. He undid his pants as he walked slowly over to her, then pulled his cock out and knelt behind her, pulling up her skirt and rubbing his dick over her ass.

When she realized someone else was there, Gretchen gave a startled cry and asked Carl what the hell was going on. Carl told her that this was his older brother Ike, and that they were both going to fuck her, because she was the best MILF they'd ever come



across. Gretchen started to say something more, but Carl put his cock back into her mouth, while Ike put his hands on her big tits and slid his hard dick into her pussy. Gretchen was soon pushing back at him and moaning around Carl's dick, until Carl blew his load in her mouth and rubbed his cock over her face.

Meanwhile, Ike kept fucking her harder and faster, until he also blew his load. He then had Gretchen suck his cock until it was hard again, after which he put it between her tits and started fucking them. Gretchen licked the head of his cock each time it emerged from her tits, until he blew his load over her face. She then got on all fours and sucked his dick clean as Carl moved behind her to stick his cock in her ass. It was around that time that I passed by and saw them through the window.

After hearing their story, I figured that if my boys were fucking this woman, then I needed to fuck her also. So two days later I went over to her house, under the pretense of borrowing some sugar. I think both of us knew that wasn't what I was really there for.

In the midst of our casual conversation, I asked Gretchen if she had ever met my two boys. I saw her blush a little, but then she said no. I then told her what I had seen the other night. Her face turned bright red, and she started to apologize, but I told her it was okay, and that I thought



both my sons had great taste in women. I then unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock. Gretchen hesitated for only a moment before she got on her knees and started rubbing it over her mouth. Then she was sucking it as I ran my fingers through her dark hair. I came in her mouth, and some of my sperm dropped out and landed on her tits.

Later she got me hard again and fucked me on the sofa. Afterwards I told her not to say anything about this to my sons, as they might get jealous. She said she wouldn't, but she hoped I didn't mind if she continued to fuck them. I said that was fine. When I left she smiled at me and said, "See you soon."—*J.S., St. Louis, Missouri*

"She started to say something, but Carl put his cock into her mouth, while Ike put his hands on her tits and slid his dick into her pussy"

As soon as she saw them she knew she had to have all three

I am a 42-year-old married woman with one grown child. Unlike my husband, who has gained 25 pounds since our marriage, I keep in shape by exercising and watching my diet. I have been told many times that I look 10 years younger than my actual age, and I get hit on all the time.

One problem in our marriage is that my husband has a five-inch cock of only average girth. At one point he bought me a thick seven-inch-long dildo, and the first time I used it I went crazy with lust. From that time on I craved to be filled and stretched as much as possible, and as a result I've become something of a slut in my quest for bigger cocks. Over the years I've had numerous affairs and



"I was overcome by an orgasm. Thank God the windows were closed, or the guys would have heard me crying out my release"

one-night stands with a variety of men—the more well-endowed the better.

Two weeks ago I did something that was pretty far out even for me. It was a very warm Saturday morning, and my husband had gone off on a weekend fishing trip with one of his buddies. Our son no longer

lives with us, so I had the entire weekend to myself. I was standing in our kitchen, doing some dishes, when I heard male voices and the sound of a bouncing basketball coming from our next-door neighbor's backyard. I peered out the window and saw Aaron, our neighbor's college-age son, shooting baskets with two other guys his age.

Aaron is a very handsome and muscular young man who is on his college gymnastics team. All three guys had their shirts off, and I could see that all of them had ripped abdomens and muscles on top of muscles. As I admired their chiseled bodies my clit began to throb, and I felt an aching in my nipples. Before I realized it, my hand had found its way to my pussy, and I was rubbing my clitoris. The familiar tingling sensation started to build in my loins, and within a minute I was overcome by an earth-shattering orgasm. Thank God the windows were closed, or the guys would have heard me crying out my release.

When I came down from my orgasm, I knew that I needed more. I went into our bedroom and quickly changed into a pair of shorts so brief that they had practically no legs at all, and revealed the lower part of my ass cheeks when I walked. I then took a washcloth and moistened my chest before donning a thin white cotton tube top that I knew became somewhat sheer when I perspired.

Finally I put on a pair of dark sunglasses and went out into our yard.

I saw the guys looking my way as I got out our lawn mower, as if intending to mow the grass. As I proceeded to do so, I saw that their play had slowed considerably as they kept looking in my direction. Soon they quit shooting baskets altogether, and sat down at a patio table as they continued to watch me.

It took me about 20 minutes to finish the yard, and all the while my pussy throbbed unmercifully. When I was done I went back inside the house. In the bedroom I quietly raised the window, so I could hear what the guys were saying.

I heard one guy commenting about my tube top, and how my big 38C tits had been visible through it. "Christ," he said, "she might as well have been naked, the way you could see through that top. Man, I sure wouldn't mind sucking on those big nipples. I had a boner the whole time."

Then Aaron spoke up. "Yeah, that lady is the hottest MILF in the neighborhood," he told them. "I can't tell you how many times I've beaten off, picturing my cock buried inside her."

"Shit," the first guy said. "I'd love to bury my face in her pussy and eat her till she screams."

That brought chuckles from all of them, and I realized that my throbbing pussy was wet once again. Knowing then that I had to have them, I walked out into



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the yard again, just as Aaron was saying how he'd like to fuck me doggie-style until I came. When he saw me he stopped talking and his face got beet-red. Then he began apologizing profusely, with the other two guys joining in, until I cut them off.

"Okay," I said. "You guys evidently find me attractive, right?" All of them said yes. "All right," I went on, "I'll give you 20 minutes to shower and then come over and show me just how desirable you think I am."

The three studs sat there open-mouthed for a good five seconds as they absorbed what I had just offered them. Then they bolted out of their chairs and ran into Aaron's house, while I went back inside mine. There I changed into a pair of black French-cut lace panties and a short black satin robe, which I left open so the guys could feast on my body. Then I ran to the kitchen and grabbed a can of whipped cream from the fridge. I set it on the nightstand, along with a bottle of anal lube, and waited.

A couple of minutes later I heard a knock at the back door. When I opened it, there stood three clean and very eager young men. When they saw my exposed breasts their mouths dropped wide open. "God damn, lady," Aaron murmured, "you're even hotter than I dreamed!"

I quickly ushered them in and told them to follow me to the bedroom. I felt their

eyes burning into my ass as I led the way. Once there I learned that one who'd said he wanted to suck my pussy was named Kyle, and the third one was Will. "Okay," I told them, "I heard

while Kyle's tool was a couple of inches longer and a good three fingers wide. Aaron's cock was just as long as Kyle's, but it had a slight curve to it and it was as thick as my wrist, with a

and forth along my slit, and as it did I started sensuously licking the whipped cream off his cock and balls while the others watched.

Soon Kyle was moaning, and the vibration of his lips



what you boys said about me and what you'd like to do to me, and I'm going to hold you to it. Hurry up and get naked."

I sat down on the edge of the bed as they eagerly tore off their clothes, and when I saw their cocks I felt as though I had died and gone to heaven, because there before me stood three of the most beautiful and hardest dicks I had ever seen. Will had a seven-inch phallus of average thickness,

huge crown at the end. I couldn't wait to get all three of those cocks inside me.

When I told Kyle that I wanted to suck his cock while he ate my pussy, it brought a big smile to his face. He flopped onto his back as I grabbed the can of whipped cream and coated his entire cock and balls with it. Then I straddled his body in a 69 position and lowered my wet pussy to his mouth. I felt his tongue begin to slide back

stimulated my labia. When I started sucking his cock, his moans became even louder and more frequent as his tongue delved deeply inside me. I soon found myself humping his face and emitting moans of my own as I sucked his dick. I don't think either of us lasted more than a couple of minutes before we came, and when I did I ground my pussy tightly against his talented tongue while swallowing every drop of his salty

come. I kept his beautiful cock deep in my mouth as I moaned through my release, which seemed to stimulate my young stud, as his cock remained fairly firm in my mouth.

Once we both came down from our orgasm, I rolled off Kyle and had Will lie down on the bed. I covered his cock and balls with whipped cream and started licking his dick clean as he groaned. Then I saw Aaron standing next to the bed with his hard member in his hand, and I knew I needed that thick cock inside me. As I knelt between Will's legs, I told Aaron to take me doggie-style while I continued sucking Will off. He hopped on the bed, and as soon as he was in position I felt his mammoth cock spread my labia wider than they'd been spread in a very long time. I groaned as he slid his magnificent manhood into me, and the sensation was so good that I had to pull my mouth off Will's erection and cry out in sheer pleasure.

When I clamped my lips around Will's cock once again, Aaron started thrusting deep into my pussy, filling it thrillingly. I gave a series of muffled cries around Will's pole as Aaron's dick kept hitting my G-spot. The sensation turned me on so much that I took Will's cock all the way down to the base. Will kept moaning about how good it felt, and Aaron kept saying that my pussy was unbelievably tight and hot.

Just a couple of minutes

later I felt Will's cock beginning to swell in my throat and seconds later he started squirting his delicious load. I greedily gulped down every drop of his come while Aaron kept fucking my pussy.

Once Will was done coming, I pulled his cock out of my mouth and began licking the now flaccid staff, moaning like a porn star. Aaron's thrusts became faster and more forceful as he neared his own orgasm. Then I felt his hot semen spraying into my womb, bringing me to climax once more. I fell forward onto Will's stomach and lay there for a long time, basking in the blissful sensation of having been royally screwed.

When I finally rolled onto my back, Kyle asked me if I was all right. I nodded with a smile and said that I was only beginning. I then stretched out, spreading my legs wide, and urged him to make me scream as he had said he would.

Aaron and Will moved out of the way as Kyle crawled between my thighs. He placed my legs on his shoulders and then slowly pushed his long thick cock all the way into my pussy. I moaned with delight as that huge pole slid powerfully into my hungry cunt.

Then he leaned forward, so that my legs were pushed up almost to my shoulders. His cock was really deep inside me, and I felt stuffed as never before. He lowered his head to my breasts and sucked eagerly at my aching nipples as he



"I said I was only beginning. I then stretched out, spreading my legs wide, and urged him to make me scream as he had said he would"



commenced to thrust that long cock in and out of me. I don't know how long we made love, but I remember having several intense orgasms that caused me to wail loudly each time. When he finally emptied his balls deep inside me, I felt his cock pulse with each blast of come. We exchanged several passionate, open mouth kisses before he resumed sucking on my tits. After a few minutes he rolled off me, and I just lay there gasping for air.

Once I recovered I began acting like a total whore, taking the guys on two at a time. While one fucked my mouth, another would screw my pussy in every conceivable position. I can't begin to tell you how many times I came, but those marvelous young cocks kept coming back for more, again and again.

Eventually we took a break and I fixed a light meal for the guys, though they kept grabbing my ass and boobs every chance they got.

As soon as we were finished eating, the four of us went back into the bedroom. That's when I held up

the tube of lubricant and told the guys I wanted them to take turns making love to all of my openings.

We started off with Aaron lying on his back so that I could mount his beautiful cock. Kyle crawled up and knelt over Aaron's head so I could take his long cock in my mouth. Once I did that, Will crawled up behind me and used a couple of fingers to lube up my asshole and then his dick. Moments later, I felt his hard pole push past my sphincter, and now my body was filled with three cocks. My whole being was on fire with lust, and I never wanted this feeling to end.

Soon all three guys got a rhythm going as I tried to hold as still as possible for them, though that was a futile endeavor. Kyle started power-fucking my hungry mouth while the other two guys plundered my pussy and ass. What a sensational feeling! At that point my husband could have walked through the door and I wouldn't have cared one bit, because it felt so good!

I came several times before Kyle drenched my throat with another load of come. Aaron and Will followed shortly thereafter, and I can't begin to describe how it felt when they simultaneously spurted their warm jets of jism into my vagina and rectum.

After that the guys kept switching around, and I let them use my body as they pleased. It took a bit of doing to take Kyle's dick up my ass, and Aaron's too,

but I managed it, and it felt marvelous. The four of us fucked and fucked until we finally gave out shortly after nine, and fell asleep in a heap on the bed.

My sleep didn't last very long, because I was awakened several times during the night by one or two of the guys wanting another turn with me, and I gladly gave it to them.

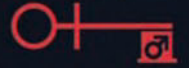
When I woke in the morning I looked at my three beautiful sleeping studs and got horny again. I started sucking Kyle's cock until he was awake and hard once more. Then he mounted me and we started making love, which woke up the others. The guys took turns fucking me, and at one point Aaron showed what a lover he was by eating my come-filled pussy until I came all over his face.

Finally the guys reluctantly said they had to leave. I kissed each of them good-bye as they went out the door. Aaron was the last to go, and I told him I wanted him to come over and see me any time my husband was away. And not to forget to bring his friends.—*Name and address withheld*

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"I began acting like a total whore, taking the guys on two at a time. While one fucked my mouth, another would screw my pussy"

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LETTERS



Sometimes a massage is just a massage. This one was a lot more

My wife Ann and I are in our mid-30s, and are your typical upper-middle-class couple. Ann is a petite five feet two and 110 pounds. She is blessed with perky round 34C breasts, and her body is toned from daily workouts. She has dark brown eyes and long, wavy brown hair. As for me, I am six feet two and a muscular 190 pounds. Our sex life has always been great.

Last winter we decided to indulge ourselves and splurge on a week's vacation on a Caribbean island, without the kids. I went online and secured us a suite in an elegant resort overlooking the sea and a lovely white-sanded beach. When we got there we found everything to be just to our liking.

When we are at home, one of our favorite activities is to get frequent massages at our local health club. Our regular masseuse there is a chunky, middle-aged woman named Dora. On our second day at the resort, Ann said she felt like having a massage, so I called the concierge and made arrangements for someone to come over that afternoon to work on both of us.

If I was expecting someone like Dora, I was mistaken. The person who showed up turned out to be a young man in his early 20s, who told us his name was Rafe. He was tall, tan

and muscular, and looked as though he could have been a model. I felt a bit uncomfortable as he set up his table in the bedroom of our suite, with his oils and towels. I had never had a massage from a male before, and wasn't sure about how I would feel about having another man touch me. But once he started I soon became so relaxed I actually fell asleep. Rafe woke me when he finished, and Ann took my place on the table.

I sat in a chair and watched as Ann, clad only in the briefest of bikinis, enjoyed her treatment. Her smiles and quiet moans told us she was feeling good. Afterwards, while Ann was in the bathroom, I asked Rafe to come back the next day, as a surprise for her.

When Ann came out of

the bathroom after Rafe had left, she was stark naked. "Oh God," she said. "That was such a sexy massage, I had to fight to keep from coming!" She then led me to the bed and began to pull off my Speedos.

I was surprised to see how much the massage had evidently turned her on. When I was nude she brought my soft cock to her mouth and rubbed her lips up and down the shaft until it was erect. She then took it in her mouth, moving it slowly in and out as she slid her tongue along the underside. I moaned as she took me as deeply into her mouth as she could, slowly fucking me with it until I was close to coming. But she stopped just in time.

She then had me lie on my back and climbed onto me, straddling my hips. "I

need you inside me," she panted as she slowly lowered her pussy over my cock. She was so wet and ready that I easily slipped inside her to the hilt. She gasped and moaned, moving up and down on me, her hot wetness gripping my long dick. I reached up and pinched her nipples lightly, eliciting more moans. She was so turned on that she came quickly, her body jerking and spasming out of control. Her orgasm sent me over the edge, and I shot jets of come deep inside her quivering pussy.

When Ann collapsed on top of me, I told her that I had asked Rafe to come back the next day. She moaned and gave me a deep, passionate kiss, then told me she wanted me to fuck her again.

The following day the



masseur returned and again set up his equipment. "I'm first today," Ann announced, and then surprised me by removing her bikini before climbing on the table and slipping under the sheet. She did not rush, allowing Rafe to get a good view of her naked body. Rafe's only reaction was to smile knowingly, as though this was something he saw every day. And probably it was.

He now began to rub her down with his oils, first massaging her feet, arms and hands as she lay on her stomach. He then folded the sheet down, exposing her tanned back, and proceeded to rub her from her neck down to her waist. After a few minutes of this, Ann was already beginning to make small sounds of pleasure. Rafe then pulled the bottom of the sheet up and started on her calves, moving up to the backs of her thighs.

When he moved around to the side of the table, I stood up impulsively and took his place at the bottom, reaching down to massage my wife's legs. Rafe just smiled at me, but Ann looked startled and asked me what I was doing. I told her I just thought that two pairs of hands would be more enjoyable than one. Ann moaned and relaxed again as I moved my hands higher on her thighs.

Rafe's hands were under the sheet now, working on her hips, and I noticed that Ann was almost imperceptibly grinding her pelvis into the table underneath her. It

was just a slight movement, but I knew she was getting aroused and was trying surreptitiously to bring herself off.

I put some oil on my hands and gently slid them under the sheet to rub her lower back. I began moving them in large, slow circles, moving lower until I was caressing the upper part of her ass. Seeing what I was doing, Rafe moved to the top of the table and began to work on her shoulders and neck.

I began to rub more forcefully, spreading her ass cheeks slightly with each pass, until I was rimming her asshole with my thumbs. I then directed my movements toward the outer edges of her pussy. At this point the sheet started to slide off her, and I let it fall. I wanted her to be naked before us. Ann did nothing to stop it either.

Rafe and I now exchanged little smiles as we continued to work Ann over. I finally closed in on her pussy and began to rub the outer sides of her labia with my oiled fingers. She stiffened for a second, then relaxed, not caring that the masseur could see me fingering her pussy. She again began to grind her clit into the table beneath her, no longer bothering to conceal what she was doing.

I teased her by fingering the lips of her slit over and over, but refraining from touching her where she wanted it most. Ann was now moaning softly, her hips visibly writhing on the



massage table. Finally I slipped a finger into her moist opening, then slid it in and out of her hot wetness, letting my thumb graze her tight asshole with each stroke.

I thought my wife was going to orgasm right there, but she surprised me again. "I want to roll over now," she panted, "so you can do my front." Rafe and I took our hands off her as she turned herself over and lay there on her back, her naked

body blazing up at us.

Rafe and I both oiled our hands again, and I started to massage my wife's upper thighs, while he honed in on her chest, working his way around each breast until she moaned for him to touch her, then rubbing his hands delicately over the firm mounds while avoiding her erect nipples.

"Oh God, harder!" Ann begged. "Touch me, touch me, please!"

With that Rafe began to

caress her tits more forcefully, rubbing his fingers back and forth over her nipples, pinching and tweaking them as he did so. Ann was twisting on the table now, emitting sharp little cries of pleasure.

At that point I slipped off my Speedos and freed my rock-hard dick. I then resumed rubbing my wife's inner thighs. As my caresses moved upward, her legs slid apart, exposing her pussy to my exploring hands. She was long past the point of modesty now. Her juices glistened on her pink inner lips, and she was writhing slowly in sexual pleasure. Her eyes were closed now as I fucked her with one finger, and then two, while her nipples were pinched and flicked by another man's fingers.

As she squirmed and moaned in ecstasy, she reached her arms back over her head to grope for the drawstring of Rafe's sweat pants. Finding it, she quickly pulled it open and his pants fell around his feet, exposing his long, hard cock, obviously aching for attention. She stroked it with both hands as he continued to excite her nipples.

At that point I couldn't hold back anymore. I withdrew my fingers from my wife's pussy and climbed onto the massage table on top of her. Oiling my dick with my hand, I eased it into her slippery pussy and began to pump in and out of her with a slow, steady rhythm.

Ann moaned with each

stroke and bucked her body up to meet my thrusts; but after a minute she stopped and began pushing at me, saying something I could not make out at first. But then her words became clear. "Let me up, Stan," she was panting. "I want both of you."

Frustrated, and a little stunned, I reluctantly pulled out of her and got off the table. I helped my wife down as well, and she immediately moved over to the bed and got onto it on her hands and knees. "Get behind me, baby," she panted.

I did as she said, quickly slipping my dick into her from behind, while rubbing a wet forefinger over and around her little asshole. She bucked back and forth, taking my cock deep in her

pussy. Her ass started to relax as well, and the tip of my finger slowly slipped inside. I eased it gently in and out, moving it around as much as possible to open her up even more.

Ann now looked over at Rafe, who was standing and watching patiently, as though he had always known his turn would come. As he approached the bed, I pulled Ann up, so that he could slip underneath her, pulling my cock out of her to allow him to replace it with his.

I must admit that I was a bit surprised at myself. I had always been kind of a jealous type, yet here I was, watching my wife riding another man, cowgirl style, and feeling nothing but excitement at seeing her so passionate and uninhibited.

I stayed behind her on one knee and began to rub the tip of my cock against her ass. My dick was much bigger than my finger, so I knew I had to go slow. Ann was rocking back and forth, sliding Rafe's pole in and out of her pussy as I continued to press my hardness into her lubed rear end. Soon her anus relaxed, and I started to slip in just a tiny bit. She was riding Rafe harder now, with one cock pumping in and out of her pussy while another penetrated her yielding ass.

"Ohhh God yes!" she cried loudly. "Yes, fuck me in both holes! Oh Jesus, it feels so good! Don't stop, don't stop, Ohhh!" I was soon pumping my cock as far as I could into her ass, and I knew that Rafe was doing the same in her



pussy. She reached down to rub her clit with one hand, while bringing the other one back to feel my dick slipping in and out of her asshole. She began riding us still more forcefully while shouting for us to take her harder.

Rafe and I went on fucking her like machines for quite a while, as none of us wanted this to end. As I pistoned into her I saw Rafe reach up to pinch her nipples, squeezing them between his thumbs and forefingers. Ann now began to make sounds of pleasure such as I had never heard from her before, a series of moans, squeals and grunts that told me she was ready to come. Her pussy juice was leaking out around Rafe's dick, running down to his balls and soaking the bed beneath them. Her legs began to shake and quiver. Her eyes rolled back, and she arched her body as she bucked up and down. Then she let out an unearthly shriek, and I could feel her tight rectum contract around my dick, clutching and releasing it repeatedly as she came like crazy.

That sensation, combined with the sight of her convulsing body and the sounds of her ecstasy, was finally too much for me, and I shot a huge load of come into her ass in what seemed like the longest and strongest orgasm I had ever experienced. A minute later Rafe gave a loud groan as he filled her still spasming pussy with his spurting jism.

It took all of us a while to

recover from our exertions. When I finally pulled my shrinking dick from my wife's ass, several globs of come followed it out. Jake kept himself inside her for a bit longer, and when he pulled out he was hard again. Ann moaned and immediately moved down to take that stiff prick in her mouth and suck it eagerly until he came down her throat. I could only wish I had my video camera with me, to record my wife's erotic sluttiness for future viewing.

Ann then went into the bathroom to clean up. Rafe quickly dressed and I walked him to the door, where I tipped him generously and told him to come back again the next day—and in fact, every day for as long as we were there. As I returned to my wanton wife, I was thinking that when we got home, we would have to find a different massage person. Old Dora just wasn't going to cut it anymore.—*S.G., Yonkers, New York*

How was she able to take his big cock? Ask her college roommate

I am a 26-year-old guy with a cock that measures eight and three-quarter inches in length, and is eight inches in circumference. As a result, the girls I dated while at school would let me fool around with them, but most of them refused to let me fuck them, or even to give me a blowjob, because they said they said they could never fit something that big



inside their mouths or their bodies.

But my sexual frustration ended when I met Kelly and fell instantly in love. I first saw her in a nightclub as she was dancing with her roommate, Erin. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was a five-feet-eight, 123-pound beauty with blonde hair halfway down her back and a body that wouldn't quit. Erin, on the other hand, was a very petite brunette, five feet two and maybe 100 pounds, with firm, perky

breasts and a slender but curvy body.

When Erin went to the ladies' room I got up the nerve to ask Kelly to dance, and she accepted. We danced several fast as well as slow dances, after which she gave me her phone number. We went out every weekend after that, and on our second date we made love, with Kelly taking my whole cock with ease. I was overjoyed when she told me she loved the size of my dick. We got married just



“The girls kissed for several minutes, and the room quickly filled with their moans. Then Erin started kissing her way down my wife’s body”

surprise for me. She led me to our family room, and there was Erin, her old college roommate. Kelly explained that Erin was on vacation, and would be our guest for the next week. I had absolutely no objection to that, especially as Erin was looking even hotter than I remembered.

That night we all sat around in front of the fireplace, drinking wine. Erin was looking really sexy in her short denim skirt and tight black sweater, but of course I didn’t want to let my wife see how much she was turning me on.

As the night went by, I noticed that the two girls kept giving each other conspiratorial looks and smiling mysteriously. It was pretty obvious that the two of them were up to something, and finally I asked Kelly what was going on. The girls grinned at each other once more, and then my wife responded, “Honey, you remember how you asked me how I was able to take your big cock so easily the first time we made love? Well, I never really answered you then, but if you’d still like to know, I can show you now.”

I was somewhat taken aback to think that my wife would bring that topic up in front of her friend, but when I glanced at Erin I saw her still grinning like a sexy Cheshire cat. My curiosity, not to say my lust, overcame my shock, and I just nodded. Kelly smiled and said, “Let’s go into the bedroom and I’ll show you.”

Erin came with us into the bedroom. There Kelly turned to me and gave me a kiss that lit a fire deep inside my loins, then told me to have a seat. As I did so, both women started undressing. I couldn’t help staring at Erin’s small tight body and her shaved pussy. When Kelly saw me looking at her, she smiled again and told me that she and Erin had agreed that once they had shown me what they wanted to show me, she was going to let me fuck Erin. I was so stunned I couldn’t say a word.

When both women were naked, they climbed onto our king-size bed, then lay on their sides and started kissing each other. I’d had no idea that Kelly had ever been with another woman, but the erection straining at the front of my pants told me that I liked what I was seeing.

The girls kissed for several minutes and the room quickly filled with their moans of pleasure. Then Erin started kissing her way down my wife’s body; first sucking at her full breasts, then moving further down to lick her navel until Kelly was thrashing about and gasping with desire.

After a minute Erin moved still further down, and buried her face between Kelly’s splayed legs. She made loud slurping sounds as she ate out my wife’s pussy, causing Kelly to moan, “Oh God, I’ve missed you doing that!”

After a few more minutes Kelly grabbed her friend’s

after grad school, and have been happy together for the past two and a half years.

One Friday a couple of weeks ago, Kelly greeted me at the door as I came home from work, giving me a smoldering kiss that had me hard in seconds. When the kiss ended, she said seductively that she had a

libido | noun | li-bi-do

- 1: A person's desire to have sex.
- 2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



*Drink
Sexy!*

head and pulled her face even more tightly against her pussy as she started to wail loudly. Her body convulsed again and again as she came, and I could see that Erin's pussy was also wet with desire.

Once Kelly came down from her orgasm, Erin looked at her and asked her if she was ready. "Oh fuck yes!" Kelly gasped out. "Do it! I've missed it so much!" Erin then moved up to our nightstand and retrieved a tube of lubricant that was lying on it. She smiled at my wife as she poured a generous amount of lube onto her right hand and spread it all over her hand and fingers.

At that point she looked seductively at me and murmured, "Watch closely now. This is how she was able to take your cock so easily." Kelly now spread her legs as wide as possible, and reached down to pull her labia apart with both hands. She was moaning with anticipation.

Erin now bunched her fingers together as she brought her hand down to my wife's pussy, and slowly worked them into the stretched-out gash. Kelly let out a guttural moan as Erin twisted her fingers from side to side several times. "Oh God! Yes!" she cried out, and her chest began to heave as she gasped for air. Seconds later, with her fingers buried halfway inside Kelly's opening, Erin looked at me and said, "Here's how." And with that she shoved her entire hand inside my wife's vagina.

I was astounded. I had heard about things like this, but had never really believed it until that moment.

Kelly started to moan and cry out as Erin worked her hand still deeper inside her

deeper inside my wife, to the point where a part of her wrist as well as her hand disappeared up her fantastically stretched pussy. I estimated that Kelly must have a good eight or nine inches of hand and

minutes of nearly constant climax, my wife groaned for Erin to stop. Erin ceased her pumping, but kept her hand inside Kelly's pussy as she asked her if she was sure. Panting and gasping, Kelly nodded weakly. Erin slowly



pussy. Then she twisted it slowly back and forth, causing my wife to cry out, "Oh God! Oh fuck! Don't stop!"

Kelly grabbed hold of the sheets, clenching them in her fists and arching her back as she shrieked with joy. For a moment I feared that Erin was hurting her, but that thought was quickly dispelled as she kept crying out, "Yes! Yes!"

After several twists of her wrist, Erin pushed even

arm inside her now, and it was turning me on like crazy.

Kelly now started having rapid-fire orgasms that were more intense than any I had ever seen before. She was coming so fast and so often, it seemed like one giant nonstop climax. She began babbling incoherently while crying out with pleasure as Erin kept hand-fucking her.

Finally, after almost 10

pulled her hand out of that still spasming slit, which made a loud sucking sound as she did so. She then moved up on the bed and ran her wet fingers over Kelly's lips, until my wife opened her mouth and began sucking on them, whimpering softly.

"Can I have him now?" Erin asked her, and Kelly again nodded weakly. Erin then looked at me and told me to show her what she

was in for. I didn't have to be persuaded. I stood up and peeled off my pants and briefs with one move, and when she saw my cock, Erin caught her breath and cried out, "Oh Christ, Kelly, it's everything you said it was! Put that monster inside me now!"

I moved to the bed as Erin rolled onto her back and spread her legs. I saw that her labia were in full bloom and that her pussy was leaking a lot of juice. I reached for the tube of lube, but Erin impatiently grabbed my cock and guided it to her opening, while at the same time wrapping her legs around my body and using them to pull me against her.

It took three tries before I was finally able to fit the head of my dick inside her opening, and when I did it felt like the tightest pussy I'd ever been in. Erin let out a load groan. "Oh fuck, you're big!" she cried out. "But don't stop!"

As I pushed a bit deeper, it felt as though I was trying to force my prick into a one-inch pipe. Erin kept crying out about how good it felt, and how wide it was stretching her little body, all the time begging me to give her my whole cock. "Oh God, oh God!" she kept moaning. "Don't stop!"

When I got about halfway inside her, Erin let out a long screech that could have awakened a dead man. Her body started shaking violently, and her eyes rolled up into her head as her vagina contracted

around my shaft. I held perfectly still as her orgasm overtook her.

She came and came for the longest time, and when she finally calmed down, she was still gasping for air, as if she had been holding her breath underwater. She stared at me then and asked if I was all the way inside her, and when I told her I was only halfway, she let out another groan and told me to keep going.

By this time Kelly had recovered enough to roll onto her side and take Erin's hand in hers. They looked into each other's eyes as Erin breathlessly told my wife how big I felt inside her. She then started wailing louder and louder as I continued to push my way into the depths of her, until finally my balls were resting on her wet ass cheeks. When she felt them there, she cried out, "Oh fuck, I've got all of him!" Kelly patted her hand and told her to enjoy the fucking she was about to get.

I paused only a moment before beginning to pump very slowly in and out of Erin's tight sheath, bringing animal-like cries from her open mouth. Her pussy was so snug that I had to think about other things so as to avoid coming too soon. After just a couple of strokes, Erin had a second orgasm, at least as strong as the first. She was shouting and pounding her fists on the bed while thrashing her head from side to side. Once again I stopped thrusting and waited.



"It took three tries before I was able to fit the head of my dick inside her, and when I did it felt like the tightest pussy I'd ever been in"

LETTERS

For the next 10 minutes or so, after every five or six strokes Erin would have another screaming orgasm, which would cause her body to convulse and thrash about on the bed. Each time she calmed down I would resume thrusting until the next orgasm washed over her. After her seventh or eighth climax, she begged me to fuck her as hard and as deep as I could. She kept her legs

wrapped around me as she bucked wildly, pulling me further into her with each thrust. Her moans were incessant, and above them I heard my wife telling her that now Erin knew why she, Kelly, loved having my cock inside her almost as much as Erin's hand.

Finally I couldn't hold off any longer, and I warned Erin that I was going to come. As I said that she tightened her legs even

more strongly around me, and I felt her vaginal muscles spasming around my dick as she came once again. With that I felt myself exploding inside her, pouring a large load of jism deep inside her body as she shrieked her head off. Then I collapsed on top of her perspiration-covered body and remained there until my cock slowly slipped out of her.

As soon as I pulled away from Erin, Kelly swung her body around and rolled on top of her in a 69 position. She then started so suck and lick my come out of her ex-roommate's stretched pussy. Erin was soon returning her oral caresses, and the two girls ate each other to explosive orgasm.

After that Kelly turned around again and came into my arms. "So now you know how I was able to take your cock so easily," she told me. "Are you mad at me?"

"God, no," I replied. "I've never seen anyone getting fist-fucked before, and it was really wild!"

Kelly giggled and told me that she and Erin had done that for two years while they were roommates, and that she knew she'd have to find a guy with a big cock to satisfy her as much as Erin did. "Well, Kelly, you sure found one!" Erin piped up. "I didn't think I could take a cock that big, but wow, what a fucking!"

We took a short break then to have a drink, after which we all climbed back into bed. Kelly then suggested that I make love to

Erin doggie-style, as she knew her friend loved being fucked that way. Erin eagerly got onto her hands and knees and wiggled her little ass at me. My cock was instantly as hard as a rock again, so I moved up behind her and, after two tries, managed to re-enter her tight pussy.

This time I pushed all the way inside her with just a few strokes, as she cried out how much she loved it. When I started thrusting in and out of her, it set her off like a Roman candle. She started having orgasm after orgasm in rapid succession, while screaming her head off about how great it felt, until I emptied my balls inside her.

Kelly then sucked my cock back to hardness once again, so I could fuck her as she lay on her back with her legs stretched over my shoulders. As I pounded her, I leaned forward and sucked on her hard nipples, and she came twice before I poured my load into her pussy.

We all fell asleep for a couple of hours, but I was awakened later by the sensation of movement on the bed. I opened my eyes and saw that Erin was lying on top of my wife, and they were humping each other while kissing passionately. When they saw that I was awake, Erin smiled at me and then went down and started to fist-fuck my wife once again. As she did that, she raised her cute little ass in the air, an invitation I gladly accepted. For the



third time that night I entered that sweet tight pussy, and the three of us went at it, both girls moaning and crying out again and again as they had multiple orgasms. Finally, I came deep inside Erin, and then pulled her down next to me, with my cock still embedded in her pussy. When I woke again in the morning it was still there, so I fucked her again.

For the next week Erin not only stayed with us, but slept with us in our bed every night. Needless to say, it was the most sexually satisfying time of my life. When it was time for Erin to head home, we told her that any time she had a vacation she should come and stay with us again, and she promised she would. In the meantime I am becoming quite proficient in the art of fist-fucking my wife.—C.L., Saginaw, Michigan

When they saw a stranger watching, they let him join in

Sharon and I have been happily married for almost four years. Sharon is a very attractive 25-year-old brunette, with a slim but very athletic body and a pair of full, firm breasts.

Sharon works part-time as a model for a small chain of clothing stores. Last month, as our anniversary approached, she decided to give me a special present. One day, after doing a routine photo shoot for her job, she asked the photographer to stay



behind and take some very sexy glamour shots of her, so she could give them to me as an anniversary gift.

The photographer, a guy in his 40s, gladly agreed to do it, and he took numerous photos of Sharon clad in a black lace thong and bra, as well as several of her topless. The hottest picture showed her lying on her side on a red Cleopatra lounging chair, wearing only her black lace thong and looking directly into the

“I entered that sweet tight pussy, and the three of us went at it, both girls crying out again and again as they had multiple orgasms”



camera while sucking her thick left nipple. God, that was hot! When she presented me with the photos we were both so turned on that we made love for most of the night.

As we fucked, I kept asking her exactly what had happened during the shoot, and she eventually confessed that she had let the photographer touch her bare breasts a couple of times, as a reward for taking the pictures. I suspected that there was more to the story, because I remembered her coming home from that shoot in a very horny state. I didn't press her, however, as I didn't want to cause a fight. Actually, the thought of him touching her magnificent breasts, and possibly fucking her, started a raging fire in my loins every time I thought about it. From that night on, I began fantasizing about her fucking other men.

Last winter we took a trip down to the Florida coast, and stayed at a motel across the street from a long, beautiful beach. Once we were settled in, Sharon put on her tiny white string

bikini and we strolled the beach for several hours. Her top was so small that her breasts spilled out on all sides, bouncing as she walked. Everywhere we went, guys stared at her like hungry wolves. Sharon seemed to eat it up as much as I did, and when we found a secluded spot, with no one else in sight, we spread our blankets on the sand and started to make out.

We kissed several times, each kiss longer and more passionate than the last. Her top came off, and my hands were all over her bare breasts. Soon our passion got the best of us, and in a minute I had my wife's bikini bottom untied and was sliding two fingers into her warm, wet pussy. I brought her to her first orgasm with two fingers buried inside her, while I used my thumb to rub her clit. When she came she cried out, and I felt her body shaking for almost a minute.

Once Sharon regained her breath, she told me that it was her turn to pleasure me. She pulled down my swim trunks and stroked my hard seven-inch cock several times. Then she wrapped her lips around my shaft and started to give me one of her fantastic blow-jobs. I didn't last very long, and when I came I shot like a geyser. Sharon gulped down my load, then crawled up next to me and we kissed.

It was getting dark now, and we lay watching the

moon rise, while running our hands over each other's body. In no time at all I was hard again, and Sharon was more than ready. I crawled between her parted legs and slid my cock all the way into her hot pussy. She was really wet, and as I slid inside her she let out a joyful moan.

We started making slow, gentle love, but in no time our desire had us rutting like animals. Sharon kept urging me to fuck her deep, and I did. We both came a couple of minutes later, our groans echoing in the night air.

Then, as I rolled off her, I got the shock of my life. There, less than 10 feet away from our naked bodies, was a young college-age guy, staring at us in the moonlight. His shorts were unzipped, and his right hand was holding a cock that could only be described as monstrous.

"Oh fuck!" I gasped out, and for a long moment I was frozen.

Sharon sat up to see what had startled me, and when she saw the guy standing there staring at her nude body, she was remarkably cool. "Well, have you gotten a good look for yourself?" she asked him brazenly. The guy was probably more embarrassed than she was. He stammered and mumbled something incoherent and quickly backed off.

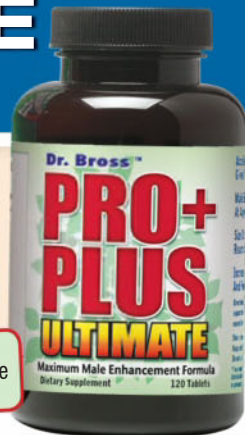
But Sharon had been staring at his cock, and as he started to turn away she told him to stop. When he

"When she saw the guy staring at her nude body, she was remarkably cool. 'Well, have you gotten a good look?' she asked him"

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did, she gave me a strange look, and then whispered, "Would you like to do something really wild tonight?" When I asked her what she meant, she replied in a throaty voice, "Share me."

Wow! I couldn't believe it! My wife was suggesting that I let another man fuck her! I couldn't say anything for a moment, but my cock gave me away, getting hard as a

rod, she gave me a strange look, and then whispered, "Would you like to do something really wild tonight?" When I asked her what she meant, she replied in a throaty voice, "Share me."

to stroke it gently. My wife then got onto her knees and took about four inches of him into her mouth. I could see that her jaw was stretched to the limit as she slowly began to bob back and forth on his shaft.

Sharon sucked him for about a minute, but then stopped. The guy groaned in disappointment, but quickly recovered when she kept babbling about how he was stretching her, and telling him to give her all of it, until he gave one final push and Sharon cried out, "Oh fuck, I'm coming!" At that point her body began convulsing like never before, and she gave a high-pitched whine that lasted for what seemed to be a full minute.

Then the young guy

He fucked her for maybe 10 minutes before he grunted loudly and then moaned as his cock emptied itself into her womb. When she felt his semen flooding her pussy, Sharon had another orgasm that seemed even more intense than the others. The guy ground his cock deep inside her the whole time, and when it was over

"'Oh fuck!' Sharon groaned, her back arching. 'Christ, he's stretching me to the limit!' But she didn't tell him to stop, and he didn't"

rock in a matter of seconds. When Sharon saw that, she smiled and said, "I think you like my idea, huh?" Before I could reply she kissed me briefly, then looked into my eyes, saying, "Watch this."

My wife then turned to the young guy, standing there with his cock sticking out like a long lance, and told him to come closer. He did so, glancing at me nervously. Sharon then asked him if he liked what he saw, and he replied that her body was unbelievable. That brought a smile to her face, and she reached out and took his hard cock in her right hand. It was so thick that she couldn't get her hand all the way around it, and it must have been at least nine inches in length. He moaned as she began

lay down on her back and spread her legs wide. His eyes were glued to her as he peeled off his shorts and boxers and dropped down between her legs.

"Go slow, sweetie," Sharon told him. "You're bigger than anything I've ever had in me before."

He nodded and slowly began to run his cock up and down my wife's slit, until she hissed at him to put it inside her. He tried once with no success, but on his second try, the head of his cock buried itself in my wife's pussy.

"Oh fuck!" Sharon groaned, her back arching and her hands making tight fists. "Oh Christ, he's stretching me to the limit!" But she didn't tell him to stop, and he didn't. She



started sliding his dick in and out of her with long deep thrusts, as Sharon whimpered non-stop. I could see that he was going far deeper than I ever could, his cock touching her in all the right places. She had several more orgasms as he took her, shrieking out, "Yes! Yes!" and going crazier each time.

Sharon pulled his face to hers and gave him a long open-mouth kiss as she ran her hands over his back.

Finally they uncoupled, and as her new lover rolled off her in the bright moonlight, I could see her pussy gaping open. Sharon then looked at me, as if to see my reaction. What she saw in my face must have



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encouraged her, because she surprised me again by sliding down the guy's body and again taking as much of his slick cock into her mouth as she could. She sucked on it avidly until it got hard again, and as soon as it did she pushed him flat on his back and swung one leg over his torso, taking his long dick in her hand and guiding it to her opening. She made a deep-throated growling sound as she slid all the way down on it.

As he reached up to cup her magnificent breasts, Sharon started riding his cock like a woman possessed. I could hear their wet bodies slapping together with each thrust. Sharon's head tilted back as she increased the speed of her movements. In no time at all, she had another orgasm, and when she came she pitched forward so that the guy could take her tit in his mouth. His sucking on her rigid nipple seemed to prolong Sharon's orgasm.

When she finished coming she began thrusting again, her big breasts now riding back and forth on his face as her intensity

increased. Her next climax set him off, and his ass arched off the ground as he rammed himself as deep inside her as possible, his long groan of release mingling with her cries as their bodies shuddered together.

Again they kissed a few times before the young man slid off my wife's body. As he pulled his shorts back on, he told us his name was Hal. I then told him where we were staying, and invited him to come to our room the next night. When I did that, Sharon smiled at me and told me that she loved me.

As we walked back to our motel, Sharon asked if I was at all upset with what she had done. I then confessed that ever since she had given me that photo album, I had been fantasizing about her actually fucking the photographer after the photo shoot, which had led to thoughts of her doing it with other men as well.

She didn't say anything then, but once we were back in our room we found that we were both hot as hell. We took a quick shower together, then climbed into bed. When I slid my cock inside her hot, wet sheath, she wrapped her legs around my ass and pulled me into her body.

As I started thrusting, Sharon began whispering in my ear, telling me that the photographer had actually done far more than she had told me about. She said he had sucked her taut nipples and fingered her to orgasm. Then she had allowed him to make love to her twice on

the Cleopatra couch. Her story drove me wild with lust, and I pounded her until we both came. I was so aroused that even then my dick stayed fairly hard, and Sharon was tireless. We went at it again as she described in detail just how the photographer had fucked her. After our third go-round we fell asleep in a sweaty, exhausted heap.

Hal did come by the next evening, and the three of us had a wild night of sex. At one point I used my smart phone to take several pictures of Sharon sucking his monstrous cock, and several close-ups of that dick penetrating her pussy.

Hal spent the next three nights with us, fucking my wife in every position possible. When we got home from our trip, we made an agreement. Sharon could sleep with other men any time she wanted, as long as she didn't do it behind my back, and I could join in if I wanted to.

So I am writing this letter to let your readers know that there is no greater thrill than watching the woman you love being pleased by another man!—*Name and address withheld*

With a little perseverance and a little luck, a double can easily become a triple. We would like to hear about your titillating trios. Send your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department T, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or e-mail your letter to: letters@ffn.com

"She surprised me by sliding down the guy's body and taking his cock into her mouth. She sucked it avidly until it got hard again"



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A Porn Star Is Born

At first when they talked about her selling her body to save their house, it was just a joke—but the joke got them thinking!

About five months ago my company merged with another company, and as part of the combined firm's downsizing I was let go. I sent out two dozen résumés, but the ones to which I got replies said either that I was overqualified or that they weren't hiring any engineers at this time. What with our monthly mortgage and car payment, our financial situation got really tight in no time, even though my wife Kate was working full-time.

Several weeks ago Kate and I were lying in bed after a great round of sex, and she asked if I had paid a certain bill yet. I told her no, because our funds were too tight. After some discussion regarding the possibility of losing the house, she commented jokingly that maybe she would have to be like the women we'd read about in Penthouse Letters who suddenly find that they can make a lot of money being paid for sex.

Perhaps I should add here that Kate is stunningly attractive. Like me she's 29. (We've been married for four

blissful years.) She's five feet eight, with a killer 120-pound body—her compact waist and tight ass are only surpassed by her magnificent breasts, topped by nipples as large as my little finger (which, by the way, are extremely sensitive). She's been a blatant flirt the whole time I've known her. Many a night I've seen her shameless flirting send men home with blue balls.

She's also extremely sexual. We're great fans of your magazine, and each month eagerly await its arrival so we can read letters out loud and then role-play our favorites. That always leads to really hot sex. Kate is in a class of her own at sucking my cock, and she herself achieves orgasm easily and frequently—which is such an erotic sight, Kate when she comes, that I'm always powerfully turned on.

I hope this helps you understand the joking spirit in which I replied to her remark that night in bed. "Well," I said, "with the way you look and the way you make love, you'd make a ton of money

being a porn star." We both laughed and soon enough fell asleep.

The next day we were back to reality, trying to decide which bills to pay first, and Kate said she'd do anything to keep from losing the house. When I looked at her, she stared back at me. As if she was reading my mind, she said, "Yeah, I'd even be willing to be an escort or do porn to keep us afloat. I love you more than anything, but I don't want us to lose our house and everything we worked for just because the economy is shitty."

I looked at her and saw that she wasn't joking now. She was dead serious. I pointed out that escort work is illegal, and if she got busted she could also lose her job as an ICU nurse, which she loves.

"Well," she replied, "then that leaves me with being a porn star."

Now I've always loved that Kate is a very sexually aggressive partner who pours her heart and soul into her lovemaking every time, but this was something

entirely different. My wife was proposing that she fuck other men while on camera. I sat there for a few moments thinking things over, including what it would do to our relationship. Then for the rest of the day we talked about it on and off. As we did, I realized that if she did something like that, it wouldn't be for love, it would be strictly business.

I went online and found a couple of newer companies in our area that produce porn films. I checked them out and saw that each had actually produced several films. I showed what I had found to Kate, and asked if she was really serious about doing a porn film. She said she didn't want us to lose the house, and so anything she could do to save it was okay with her as long as it was okay with me too.

We took a closer look at the two film companies' websites, looking at them now as enterprises we might want to go into business with, and Kate suggested that she fill out their applications using a fake name,



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and include several photos of her scantily attired.

I agreed, and she went in the bedroom and showered and shaved her pussy, then put on her makeup and did her hair. I took a series of photos with her in a miniskirt and sweater as well as some with her wearing a black push-up lace bra and skimpy lace panties with a matching garter belt and stockings. Then I took several shots of her nude, lying seductively on the bed. When we sent off the e-mail, she was so excited that we made love the rest of the afternoon.

Two days later Kate received a phone call from a guy named Mark at one of the companies, saying that he was going to film a movie in about two weeks and he thought Kate looked great for a part in it. He asked if the photos we sent were recent, and Kate told him we took them the day she filled out the application. He also noted the wedding ring on her finger in the pictures and wondered if her husband was okay with her doing a porn film. She replied that I was the one who had taken the photos and sent off the e-mail to his company.

Mark was happy with that, and told Kate that all of the actors were required to have a medical exam to ensure that no one had any STD. She replied that she was happy to hear that and that she was sure her doctor could examine her that week. Mark set up a date and time for her to meet with him, and said she should bring the



test results with her. She jotted down the address and said that both of us would be there to meet with him.

We drove into the city and met with Mark at his office. He was about 45, and very cordial. Kate wore a black miniskirt, nude pantyhose and a low-cut silk blouse that hugged her breasts and showed a fair amount of cleavage.

He had us sit down on a couch and he sat across from us, and I saw how he admired Kate's long, shapely legs—and the rest of her body too, of course. He told her that she was beautiful

“Mark asked Kate to demonstrate how she gave a blowjob. She looked at me, then at him, then asked, ‘Who do I do?’”

and that she had a fabulous body. He asked if the name she put on her application was her real name, and when she told him no, he said that was fine with him. When he again expressed concern about her being married, I spoke up and said I knew exactly what she was doing and I had

no problem with her fucking other men because it was strictly a business proposition. That put him at ease.

Mark told us that filming usually started early in the morning and was usually done in a day—or two at the most, depending on the number of scenes that were needed. He explained that

the actors were paid in cash, with the amounts depending on what sex acts they performed. Blowjobs were at the bottom of the pay scale, but each one was worth \$500, with deep-throating paying a little more. Then came penis-vagina intercourse, and then anal sex. Girl-girl action paid higher, and double penetration and triple-teaming were the highest-paying acts.

Mark asked Kate if she had ever done any of those things. Blushing, she said: "My husband loves my blowjobs, and I deep-throat his eight-inch cock all the time. He's fucked my ass many times, and I love it. I haven't done a double penetration because we've always been monogamous, but I'm willing to give it a try. As for girl-girl sex, I had a roommate in college I had some fun with on a couple of occasions." That last part piqued my curiosity. I was totally unaware of it!

Mark asked Kate to demonstrate how she gave a blowjob. She looked at me, then at him, then asked, "Who do I have to do?" He replied, "You choose."

She smirked and said, "Well, if I'm auditioning for the job, I guess it should be you, since you're the man doing the hiring."

She uncrossed her long legs, got slowly to her feet and moved over in front of Mark's chair. She knelt down between his legs and slowly unzipped his pants, then seductively fished out what appeared to be a six-inch cock and stroked it several

times while blowing hot air on it. Then she engulfed the whole thing, all the way down to the base, and he groaned his appreciation.

As Kate's head started to bob up and down on Mark's shaft, he started groaning like crazy and complimenting her on her cocksucking technique. He lasted all of two minutes before shooting his load. She swallowed every drop, then gave his shaft a couple of extra licks while looking up at him. Then she moved away from him and purred, "Well, that's my shortened version."

"God, that was awesome, Kate," he replied. "Consider yourself hired."

Mark and Kate worked out the starting date so that it fit into her nursing schedules, and he told her what types of clothes she should bring along. He gave her a copy of the script so she could study it. He told her that the movie was about a bunch of undercover cops on a stakeout in a hotel room who get distracted from their assignment by the sexy female officer working with them.

Kate laughed and said, "Oh, I like that ideal!"

On the way home Kate scanned the script and told me she really didn't have many lines to memorize. I laughed and replied that most porn films are more concerned with the sex than the dialogue. She laughed too and said, "Yeah, I can see the script has me doing quite a few things."

While we continued riding, I asked Kate about that

girl-girl thing with her roommate, and she told me how she and her roommate Phyllis both got drunk one time and ended up making out back in their dorm room. She said they ate each other until they both came. After that night, she said, they did it every so often, when they were both horny. Then she said she'd tell me the rest of the story when we got home, because she saw the boner already sprung in my pants and right now she intended

to do something about that!

She dropped her head into my lap and gave me one of her best blowjobs, not stopping until I blew my whole load down her gullet. When she sat up, she giggled and said, "I guess that was practice for my cinematic debut," and we both broke out laughing. When we got home, I ravaged Kate while she whispered lurid details of her sexual encounters with Phyllis—how they ate each other



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out until they had mind-blowing orgasms.

A week later Kate and I drove to the filming location very early in the morning. She had on one of her sexiest outfits, consisting of a black miniskirt over skimpy red lace panties, with a tight red sweater over a red lace push-up bra. She looked hot as hell, and all the way there I fingered her moist pussy.

When we arrived, Mark introduced her to the four guys who were the rest of the cast. They were all trim and good-looking, about our age, and judging by the bulges in their pants they were all looking forward to fucking my wife.

Mark explained to everyone what the schedule was, and they started filming as soon as the makeup artist was done applying their makeup. I stood out of the way, well behind the cameras, to watch. About 90 minutes later they were filming my naked wife kneeling on the floor of the set blowing four well-endowed guys. Mark had told Kate he wanted her to be vocal during the action, and she had replied, "I'm always vocal when I have sex." Being the flirt she is, she was a natural sexual temptress when it came to saying her lines.

Two of the "actors" had cocks that were about seven inches long, and Kate had absolutely no problem deep-throating them. The other guys, "Sonny" and "Carlo," had cocks that were over nine inches long! Kate was able to deep-throat Carlo's, but not Sonny's because it

was extremely thick and she couldn't get it down her throat. So he had to settle for her taking in about five inches of his oversize meat. That didn't seem to be a problem, because he came just as quickly as the other three guys.

Mark had instructed Kate to let the cameras catch her taking each guy's load when he came, so each time it happened she pulled the cock out of her mouth so it could be seen squirting into her. Every so often one of the guys splashed his come on her face and she ran her tongue salaciously around the outside of her mouth to gather the spunk in. What she couldn't reach with her tongue she used her fingers to gather up—and then she licked them clean. God, she looked sexy doing that!

Next they took her over to a bed, where she fucked all

four of the guys, following Mark's instructions about being very vocal as she took them on. It was wild watching her taking the guys on in every position known to man, and doing so eagerly. It made me wish I was in the movie with her so I could have a turn with her! If her mouth wasn't filled with a cock, she was always urging whoever was fucking her pussy to fuck her hard and fast. When she came, which was often, the whole building must have heard her cries of pleasure.

I had a raging hard-on the entire time I watched my wife fucking those guys. She put on an especially lively performance when she fucked the more heavily endowed Carlo and Sonny. I knew she was enjoying the fucking she was getting because her orgasms were the loudest of the day. I got so

turned on watching her performance that I left the set three times to jerk off in the bathroom—and even then my cock stayed as hard as nails from watching her with those studs.

When everyone broke for a quick lunch, Kate came over to me and asked if I was okay with what she'd been doing, because she'd noticed that I was missing from the set a couple of times. I laughed and told her I was gone because I got so horny from watching her fucking that I went to beat off in the bathroom. She laughed and said, "Well then, enjoy the rest of the show."

I smiled and said she was really giving a great performance, to which she replied with a smile, "Saying my few lines is the 'acting' part. The rest is just pure natural fucking pleasure. In case you



didn't notice, Carlo and Sonny were turning my lights out every time they fucked me with their big cocks." I smiled and said I'd thought that was the case!

Before filming resumed, Mark praised Kate for the way she had been so vocal and sexually alive with the guys. She smiled and said, "How can a girl not enjoy doing this?" Then he gave everyone instructions in regard to the scene he was shooting next and what action he wanted. As it turned out, Kate did another round of blowjobs, then fucked all of the guys two or three at a

When filming wrapped up late that evening, several of the actors came over to me and said they really enjoyed working with my wife and would be happy to work with her again. Kate came over to me and asked if I was pissed with the way she had obviously enjoyed herself. I kissed her and said she was just having recreational sex. She wasn't having an affair, she was just helping to save our home.

Just then Carlo came over and told Kate she was the hottest actress he had ever worked with and he hoped they could work to-



"Mark said Kate was a natural-born porn star. She said that wasn't acting, it was pleasuring someone, and she loves that"

time. She really went wild and came numerous times. She was a human sexual dynamo, and it was obvious to everyone that she really loves sex.

She went especially crazy when Carlo and Sonny did a double penetration with her. I was surprised that she was able to take both of their large cocks at the same time. Her screams of pleasure were real, and it was obvious to all that she wasn't acting but rather was totally enjoying the fucking she was getting from those nine-inch cocks. It was the hottest sex scene I had ever seen in my life—I was proud that Kate was in it.

gether again. She said she would love to do another movie with him.

Mark came over and raved about her acting and sexual abilities, and said she was the first girl who had ever been able to deep-throat Carlo. He said the way she threw herself into every sex scene with all the intensity she had shown made the action so real that they didn't have to stop the camera for any retakes and thus they were able to finish the filming in one day. He said she was a natural-born porn star.

Kate laughed and said that the fucking wasn't acting, it was all about pleasur-

ing someone and she loves doing that.

Mark told us he definitely wanted Kate for the next movie he was planning, and said filming would start in a month or so. He said Sonny and Carlo would both be in it, along with a couple of black guys and a female actress—there were going to be a couple of girl-on-girl scenes. Without hesitation Kate smiled and said she'd do the film. Then he handed her a check for over \$20K for the day's work, and promised to send us a DVD of the movie as soon as it was edited. Kate gave him a hug and a kiss before we left for home.

While we drove home, I asked Kate how she felt. She said her pussy was a little sore from the workout the guys had given it, but otherwise she was fine. I laughed and said, "Especially Carlo and Sonny, huh?" She laughed and said, "Yeah,

those boys really gave my body a workout." I told her I was really, really proud of her performance.

She smiled at me, then curled up next to me—while looking at her check. After a moment, she said philosophically, "You know, with these kind of paychecks I could do several movies a year and my nursing income could become our 'discretionary' money."

I laughed and said that that would require her to keep her acting abilities up to par. She replied in a sultry voice, "Well then, I guess I should start working on that right now." With that, she lowered her head to my lap and gave me one of her marvelous blowjobs while I drove down the interstate.

I've got a feeling that even when I land a new job Kate will pursue her "acting," and that's fine with me as long as I get to watch her work.—*Name and address withheld*



HER MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

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ONE
FOR THE
MONEY



His incarceration left him unable to help his family and friends financially. When his friend, Elena came to him pleading for help, he sent her to his friend



I've been incarcerated for five years now, which has left me unable to help out some of my family and friends in need of assistance. In the past I have been the one everybody went to when they had money problems, but since I've been in prison they have had to come up with other ways of coping with their financial needs.

One day last month a good friend of mine named Elena came to see me on visiting day, telling me that she had a problem. Though she had a good job, and did some modeling on the side, she had somehow gotten into big trouble with the IRS, and now owed them a lot more than she could possibly pay. The biggest problem was that they had given her a deadline just two weeks away, and if she did not pay up by then she would lose nearly everything she owned.

Elena is a very pretty Hispanic girl of 22, with a body like a porn star. With her voluptuous figure, gorgeous legs and large full breasts, she was one hell of a looker. She and I had only been friends, but I figured that with that body she must have a pretty active sex life. Of course I was willing to try and help her out, but because of my predicament all I could do was to put her in touch with a loan shark I knew named Sidney.

Sidney was an old man, with a taste for young girls, and with Elena being so attractive, I figured that if I got them together they would be able to make some kind of a deal. As it turned out, I kind of overestimated the extent of Elena's sexual experience, but it all worked out in the end. I gave Elena Sidney's number, and a few days later she returned to tell me all about what had happened.

She had given Sidney a call, and they had made plans to meet at his house to discuss her financial needs. Elena told me she had not been expecting to be asked to pay off her loan in a sexual way, and maybe that was true, but the fact is that when she arrived at his place she was wearing white Spanx shorts with a white G-string underneath, and a white halter top with no bra over her large firm D-cup breasts.

Sidney greeted her with a lustful

smile and led her to the living room, where he offered her a drink. They made a bit of small talk before actually getting down to business. Sidney asked her a bunch of questions, such as how old she was and what she did, and she told him. She then explained that her income was not nearly enough to enable her to pay the IRS what she owed in the time they had given her. When he asked her how much she owed, she told him it was \$50,000.

She had expected him to be shocked when she told him that, but Sidney just smiled and nodded, as though he heard tales like hers every day. He then asked her how, if he lent her that much money, she would be willing to pay him back?

Elena did not get the drift of his question at first, or so she said. She was so worried and anxious about the money that she blurted out that she would pay him however he wanted, and that she was so desperate she was willing to do anything. She was thinking about some kind of payment plan, but of course that was not what Sidney was thinking about. When he said nothing, she looked at him and saw how he was sizing her up, and then she realized what he wanted. She told me she was caught off guard and didn't really want to go that way, but desperate times called for desperate measures.

Sidney then told her he was in his 70s now, and dreamed a lot about having sex with a young beautiful girl such as she was. But at his age such girls were hard to come by, so he was willing to give her the money outright, if she would pay him back by making his dream come true.

Elena told me she'd had to think this over for a few minutes before agreeing, rather reluctantly, to the arrangement. Her only condition was that he had to wear a condom, because she wasn't on any type of birth control, and Sidney consented to this without an argument.

Elena was feeling rather nervous, because the fact was that she didn't have as much sexual experience as she let on. She had lost her virginity only a few months before, and had only had sex with the man she'd given it to.



So she sat there waiting for Sidney to make the first move, after which she figured she would follow his lead and do whatever he wanted her to do.

They were sitting opposite each other, he on his couch, she in a chair, and now he leaned forward and grabbed her hands, pulling her onto her feet and towards him. She was trying her best not to show him that she was nervous, while wondering just how far he might want her to go.

As she stood in front of him, Sidney put his hands on her legs, then slid them slowly up to her ass, palming and squeezing her buttocks through her shorts. "I want to take things slow," he told her in a hoarse voice. "So I can cherish this moment."

She stood silently under his gaze as he began stripping her slowly, commenting on her lovely body as he went. This boosted her confidence and loosened her up a bit. Her eyes were on him as he hooked both his thumbs in the waistband of her shorts and slowly pulled the Spandex over her ass. He drew them down her sexy legs to her

"“Oh my God, I’m coming!” she cried out, shaking uncontrollably, her hands reaching out to grip the arms of the chair. She was still shaking as she tried to straighten up”

ankles, then waited for her to kick off her sneakers so he could remove them completely.

"Damn!" he exclaimed turning her around and giving her a kiss on each of her ass cheeks. "You have a firm, perfect little ass!" Elena found herself smiling as she looked back at him over her shoulder.

He next went for her G-string, pulling it down to her ankles as well. She bent over to take it off, giving him a good look at her well-shaved labia and love hole. Then, as she began to straighten up again, he grabbed her firm thighs and pushed his face into her snatch.

Elena gasped, but remained bent

over as he began to eat her out. After a minute he licked his way up to her asshole and ate that out as well. He took his time, alternating between her pussy and anus, licking and slurping at them both, until she felt herself unexpectedly on the verge of orgasm.

"Oh my God, I'm coming!" she cried out, shaking uncontrollably, her hands reaching out to grip the arms of the chair she had been sitting in. Sidney continued to devour her snatch, and she arched her back to push it harder against his face as her climax gradually subsided.

"Damn! I haven't tasted good pussy like that in years!" she heard him say

then. She was still shaking a bit as she slowly straightened up. From that moment her attitude changed, and it was as though he had brought out the nymphomaniac that she hadn't known she had inside her.

When she finally turned around to face him, she was stunned to find him sitting there naked, stroking his flaccid cock as he smiled at her.

"I might have to pop a couple of Viagra," he said to her. "Because it's been so long that no matter what you do, I don't think I'm gonna be able to get it up without it."

Elena gasped in shock as she took a good look at the meat hanging down between his legs. Even limp as it was, she couldn't believe how big it was for a man of his age. His dick was far bigger than average, and definitely larger than that of the only man she had been fucking up until now. But instead of recoiling in fear, she got turned on even more, wanting to feel that thing inside her.

"No!" she told him fiercely. "Fuck the Viagra! You're not going to need it!" She then pulled off her halter top and tossed it away, now standing fully naked before him. "I'm going to get that dick hard," she asserted. "Trust me!"

With that she dropped down to her knees between his legs. She looked up into his eyes and kept her gaze locked on him as she took hold of his dick. Holding it with both hands, she smacked it against her outstretched tongue a few times before actually taking it into her mouth, slowly sucking his meat, taking him as deep as she was able while she massaged his balls.

"Oh, God bless you!" he moaned as she worked on him, and very gradually his cock began to stiffen. Elena was excited at this sign of progress, and eagerly increased her speed, sucking him more vigorously for a while longer before she decided to switch things up. Releasing his dick, she leaned forward toward him, poking her chest out to smother it between her breasts as she pushed them together. As she started titty-fucking him, she craned her neck so she could suck on his cockhead each time it poked out of her bosom.

This treatment finally brought Sidney to full erection. Elena was so pleased with her success that she took a long moment to admire her work before she went back to sucking his dick for all she was worth. She got so carried away that she inadvertently caused him to reach his peak before she was prepared to deal with it. She was surprised when he pulled his dick from her and leaped to his feet, rapidly jerking himself off as he

stood over her with his hard-on pointed at her face.

"Oh yes, open your mouth!" he groaned, but before she could react his come shot out and splattered all over her face. She shut her eyes and opened her mouth just in time to receive a mouthful of his thick gluey jism. "Oh yeah, swallow it!" he cried out, and as she did so his legs gave way and he toppled backwards onto the couch. He was still hard and spouting, and Elena swiftly swallowed his pole again, not wanting to lose a drop. She began to suck him again as she was still swallowing the last of his come, and was delighted to find that he somehow stayed hard even then.

"Let me go get a condom from the bedroom!" he gasped out, but she pushed him back as he tried to get up.

"No! Don't worry about that!" she exclaimed frantically, not willing to take the risk of him losing his erection. "You're just going to have to pull out when the time comes!"

With that she swiftly hopped up on top of him, pushing her firm breasts in his face. He sucked at them passionately as his hands began gliding over her body. Her hips writhed against him as she rubbed her throbbing clit and her dripping cunt all over his dick.

"Oh, I want you to fuck me like a slut!" she moaned, throwing back her head in ecstasy.





Both his hands gripped her small waist now, and he lifted her up just enough so that his cockhead pointed up at the entrance to her love hole. Then he slowly guided her down on his huge meat.

"Oh Jesus!" she cried out, squeezing her breasts together. "Your dick is so fucking big!" She gasped and panted as she continued to sink down upon him, taking more and more of his dick inside, feeling it stretching her clenching pussy further than she had ever dreamed possible.

Once she finally had him completely inside her, she settled down on him and twisted her hips again, trying to adjust to his massive size by grinding his dick into her body. Then she began to move up and down, giving herself all of him as she rode his phallus at a steady pace.

"Oh shit, your dick is so fucking big, old man!" she whimpered, but she moved faster now. "Christ, I feel it stretching me open!"

Sidney was groaning as he continued to slobber at her breasts, adding to the intense sensations rushing through her body. She couldn't believe that she was about to reach her peak so soon, but there was no stopping it. "Oh yeah, I'm gonna come!" she shouted. Her head fell back and she let out shrieking

cries of passion as her body convulsed repeatedly and finally went limp.

Sidney squeezed her ass throughout her climax, and when it was over he held onto it, jerking her up and down on him faster than before, until she felt herself losing it again. This time she nearly pulled her hair out as she went insane with pleasure.

She was soon being overwhelmed by back-to-back orgasms, finding herself completely out of control. At one point she managed to pull herself off him, positioning herself on her hands and knees by his side. "Come on, take this young pussy, old man!" she told him shamelessly, poking her plump round ass back at him and making it jiggle.

He wasted no time getting into place behind her. She spread her knees further and arched her back, pushing back at him. She felt him guide his moist cockhead to her dripping love hole. Once it was in place, he took hold of her hips and slowly began to work his way inside her until he was buried to the balls.

Elena groaned and moaned as she squirmed around, grinding herself back against him. She found that she had to adjust herself again to his unusual size, and in this position his dick felt even broader, and seemed to extend itself

even further inside her than before, as though it was pushing into her stomach. Then, almost before she was ready, he began pumping rapidly in and out of her, thrusting almost viciously into her quivering body. She cried out, but her cries were mostly of pleasure. She didn't want him to stop.

"You like it, huh, girl?" Sidney spat out as he pistoned his pole in and out of her. "You like to be fucked like a slut, right?"

"Oh God!" she wailed loudly, gasping for air. "I love it! I fucking love it!"

"Oh yeah, you sweet young slut. You can feel my dick all the way inside that fine young body, huh?" He was pounding her still harder now, his pelvis clapping loudly against her ass with each stroke.

"Ah, fuck yes!" she groaned out, almost sobbing with pleasure now as she pushed sharply back at him in rhythm with his strokes. "Christ, it's so fucking big! Fuck me all to hell, you fucking old fart, fuck the shit out of me, yes!"

She was so carried away now that when she climaxed again it was the most explosive, most intense orgasm of her life, and she actually squirted as she came, something that had never happened to her before. As she did so he gripped her hips more tightly and plunged his dick all the way inside her

as he too exploded forcibly, letting out a loud groan. Feeling the warm semen blasting out of him and showering her uterus, she completely forgot that he wasn't wearing a rubber until it was too late. And by then she didn't care.

"Oooohhhh, yes, that's it!" she cried loudly, grinding back at him as though she were doing a reggae dance. "Give me your come, shoot it all in my tight young pussy!"

When both their climaxes had subsided, she slumped down in a heap, panting heavily for breath, and Sidney collapsed on top of her. After a few minutes she slipped out from under him and staggered to the bathroom, where she cleaned his come out of her as best she could, and washed herself off. When she returned to the living room she found him seated on the couch again, popping some pills that looked like Viagra.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he replied calmly. "I just thought that we could maybe have

a little more fun, since, you know, you liked it so much and all."

She stared at him with a mixture of confusion and suspicion, along with a sneaky feeling of renewed excitement. "What do you mean?" she said then. "You want more for your money? Is that it? Didn't I do enough?"

"Oh yeah, baby, you did plenty," Sidney said, grinning. "And don't worry, the fifty thousand is yours, just like we agreed. But you're such a hot little number, and I'm so crazy about your sexy young body, that I don't want this to end so quick. And hey, if you be nice to me some more, there could be more money in it for you, okay? What do you say?"

For a long moment Elena said nothing, standing there in front of him as he stared at her still naked body. A part of her was already feeling regret at what she had done. Giving herself to a strange man for money made her no better than a whore. She had done it out of desperation, but now that she had solved her immediate problem, she

knew that to repeat the action would only compound her guilt.

On the other hand, she could not deny to herself that she had enjoyed it once she got started. In fact, enjoyed was hardly the word; she had loved the shit out of it! His cock was already stirring again, and he began to stroke it slowly as he looked at her. As she watched it harden, the sneaky feeling of excitement grew stronger. That big dick was rapidly growing into full erection. Damn, she thought, it would be a shame to let it go to waste. Why not follow her true instincts and go all out, giving him the best young pussy a man his age would ever have? She also couldn't deny that it made her feel wonderful to be so desired. What girl didn't love that kind of attention, no matter his age?

"Okay," she told him finally. "But you can forget about the extra money. From here on in it's all free, and I'm yours for the rest of the night!"

He smiled and reached for her as she moved to him, and for the next several hours he had his way with her, taking her in every position possible and planting his seed inside her more times than she could count.

When Elena told me this story the next time she visited, she also said that she had made arrangements with Sidney to see him again. When I asked her if he was going to give her money this time, she told me to mind my own business.— *Name and address withheld*

"He began pumping rapidly in and out of her, thrusting almost viciously into her quivering body. She cried out, but her cries were mostly of pleasure"





*She
Loves
Her
Husband,
But—*

*IN HER MARRIAGE
SHE HAS ALL SHE
COULD POSSIBLY
ASK FOR—SO WHY
CAN'T SHE RESIST
THIS NEW STUD?*



Maybe six or seven times a year my job as an auditor for a nationwide company entails traveling to branch offices around the country, typically flying out on Sunday night and returning Friday afternoon. Usually I travel alone, but if it's a large job, I may have someone assigned to come along to assist.

Which brings me to my story.

Last month I had to fly to Atlanta, and since our office there is very large, in order to finish the audit in a week I was accompanied by Brett, who had only been with the company for a couple of months but had quickly established himself as competent and cordial. He's also a very handsome six-foot divorced hunk whose blue eyes could melt snow in January. For these various reasons I wasn't at all sorry that he was assigned to go with me.

When we arrived in Atlanta Sunday night we went straight to our hotel and on to our rooms, which were next to each other. We arranged to meet after unpacking, to grab a bite at a nearby restaurant. I enjoyed Brett's warm, friendly conversation and admit that every time he smiled at me with those dazzling blue eyes I felt a tingling sensation. By the time dinner was over, my panties were soaking wet. But I didn't believe in cheating on Elliot, my husband of seven years.

And it's not as if I lacked for opportunities. At 34, I think I'm in my prime: a five-foot-six blonde who's hit on regularly wherever I go. But Elliot is a wonderful guy, who's kind and considerate far beyond anything I deserve. He's a doctor, and we have a beautiful home that I love in the suburbs, and we want

for nothing. What more could I ask for?

After dinner Brett and I called it a night and went back to our rooms. As he said good night, he smiled a smile that made my whole body tingle again, and for a fleeting moment I wished he would make a pass. But no, he was a gentleman.

Once I was in bed, lying under the covers in the darkened room, I remembered Brett's smile and I felt my clit throbbing away and my nipples aching to be touched. Before I realized it, my hand was rubbing my mound gently. I became so aroused that I reached into the nightstand and retrieved the nine-inch latex "traveling lover" I'd put there when I unpacked. I slid it along my slit several times, then slipped it inside me. Oh, it felt good! I rolled onto my tummy and rode the toy while picturing Brett's



smiling face. My whole body was on fire, and I soon came so hard that I almost blacked out! When I recovered, I sensed that I needed to come again, so I rode the dildo to another orgasm while fantasizing that it was Brett's cock inside me. Then I drifted off to a very sound, peaceful sleep.

For the next two days Brett and I worked long hours going over all of the company's records. Each night we had dinner together and talked about what we still needed to accomplish. Tuesday night when we finished dinner, at almost nine, Brett suggested that we go to the hotel lounge for an after-dinner drink to unwind from the day's stressful work, and I agreed. Sitting at a small table, I felt his right thigh brush against my left leg, and by this time my resistance was gone. The sensation of his warm thigh against mine coupled with the subtle scent of his cologne sent an electrical charge all through my body, and I knew I was lost.

While we sat there, Brett's eyes became like magnets drawing me toward him. When our second round of drinks came, I gulped mine down, knowing I had to get out of there before I lost control completely. As soon as I was done with my drink I told Brett I was going to call it a night. Wouldn't you know, he said he was ready to pack it in too? While he paid the tab, I prayed I didn't

have too conspicuous a wet spot at the crotch of my pants, and just prayed I could make it through the elevator ride up to our floor. Thankfully there was another couple in the elevator, or it's entirely possible that I would have stripped Brett then and there.

We got to my room first, and as I put my key card in the slot and heard Brett say, "Good night," I pivoted toward him and, grabbing his hand, said "No," then kissed him. I'll admit it wasn't a peck, but rather a full-blown, tongue-twisting kiss that created a burning sensation in my belly. As if in a trance, I took Brett's hand and brought it to my right breast. He squeezed it gently, and I heard myself give out a moan. Wow, his touch was different from my husband's!

I reached behind me and opened my unlocked room door and quickly pulled Brett inside. Even before the door closed we were all over each other, and kissing up a storm. We tugged at each other's clothing and didn't stop kissing until Brett was naked and I was standing there in nothing but my black lace panties. I wrapped my arms around his neck and jumped up so as to lock my legs around his waist. He held me effortlessly in his muscular arms, and I felt his thick cock pressing against my mound.

Brett carried me over to the bed, and we fell on it with him on top of me. Our

tongues probed each other's mouth, and while his hands roamed all over me, I ground my pussy upward against his raging manhood. When we finally stopped kissing, I unlocked my legs so he could slide off of me. That's when I got my first look at his beautiful cock. It was a good inch longer than my husband's and a lot thicker. It curved slightly toward his body and had thick veins running the length of it. It had a big mushroom-shape crown and a pronounced ridge around it.

I moaned as I took my dream cock in my hands and it pulsed a couple of times. I knew then that Brett wanted me as badly as I wanted him, and there was no turning back. I didn't care that it meant cheating on my husband. At that moment I didn't care about anything other than having this man inside me. I wanted him to savor my body and use it any way he desired.

I ached to have his beautiful cock in my mouth, and started kissing my way down his chest, but he stopped me and said no, he wanted to pleasure me first. He started kissing his way down my body, stopping at my breasts to suck on each of my extended nipples for a minute, and it felt so good that I moaned my appreciation. He was very gentle as he sucked each nipple, and that fueled the fire in my pussy.

After sucking on my nipples Brett

moved down me until I felt his hot breath on my shaved mound and clit. I was so far gone now that I raised my mound to his mouth and begged him, "Eat me!" I felt the tip of his tongue gently stroke my clit, and I gasped. Then he started lapping at my slit. He paused to tell me I tasted delicious, then resumed licking me in a way very different from the way my husband eats me. His licks were slow and gentle, causing my pussy to throb unmercifully, so much so that I found myself moaning like some street whore. I was delirious with pleasure. It seemed like he knew exactly where to touch me and how much pressure to apply.

It wasn't long before I felt the familiar tingling sensation in my pussy signaling that I was about to come. I grabbed the back of Brett's head and pressed it against my slit as a tremendous orgasm washed over me. My body went stiff and I heard myself wail for the longest time. It was done, I was spent.

When I finally lifted my head, I saw Brett's dazzling blue eyes looking at me while his tongue continued to mas-

sage my exposed clitoris. I told him that was the best orgasm I ever had, and he raised his head a little to say that he wasn't done. I saw that his face was covered with my juices, which made me feel ever so sexy. Then he lowered his mouth back to my pussy and resumed eating me. His tongue probed my opening, and then it felt like he was wiggling it around inside my pussy. That drove me crazy, and in no time I felt another orgasm building up. Once again I grabbed the back of his head and pulled it tight against my slit, just as orgasm washed over me. I howled as I came, and still Brett kept working his tongue magic on my cunt. God, could he eat pussy!

When my orgasm subsided, I pulled Brett up toward me and said, "I need you inside me. Put that beautiful cock inside me." He said he didn't have any condoms, but I said that that was okay because I was on the Pill. "Besides," I added, "I really need to feel your come inside me."

Brett got to his knees on the bed, and I grabbed the backs of my knees

and pulled my legs to my chest so that I would be able to feel every inch of his magnificent cock inside me. I raised my head so I could watch it enter me for the first time. Brett ran the tip over my slit, and I heard myself begging him to put it in me. He smiled that smile at me, and his blue eyes washed away any guilt I may still have been feeling about what I was about to do with another man.

Brett gave a slow, gentle push, and my pussy surrendered to him. As his cockhead disappeared in me, I cried out, "Oh God!" My pussy was being stretched wider than ever before. He held still for a few moments and I felt my vaginal muscles contracting involuntarily on his cock.

"God, your pussy's tight," Brett growled, and I replied, "I want all of you inside of me. Give me your whole cock." He smiled and pushed a couple of inches deeper, then held still for a moment. I cried out that it felt wonderful, and when I felt comfortable with his cock, I moaned "More!" and he pushed deeper and paused again. At this point

"BRETT GAVE A GENTLE PUSH, AND MY PUSSY SURRENDERED. AS HIS COCKHEAD DISAPPEARED, I CRIED OUT, 'OH GOD!'"



I wasn't in the mood for any pauses! I grabbed his ass with both hands and pulled him toward me, and I soon felt his cock going deeper than my husband's ever had, touching me in places I didn't know existed! I arched my back and cried out how good it felt. In time he gave another push and eventually I felt his big balls against my ass cheeks. My pussy muscles were clenching his cock, which he kept in place.

I grabbed the back of Brett's head and pulled him to me for an open-mouth kiss, which became so intense that I just about tore his tongue out of his mouth. Then he started thrusting—long, slow strokes that touched every nerve ending in my pussy. With each stroke I felt his curved cock touching my G-spot, and the waves of pleasure it gave me felt like waves washing up on a beach. I was in heaven.

I couldn't believe Brett's staying power—he just kept on fucking me! And I kept on loving it. Every thrust stretched my pussy wide, and his cock-head seemed to keep touching every nerve ending in my cunt. I just couldn't get enough of him! Eventually I begged him to come inside me. He increased the speed of his strokes, and I tried to thrust my pussy up to meet each stroke. Finally came the moment when I felt the first shot of his hot come burst inside me. That set me off, and while he con-

tinued spurting, I came with him.

We kissed numerous times while trying to catch our breath, then rested for a while. Brett ran his hand slowly over me, saying, "God, you have a gorgeous body." I replied that he had a gorgeous cock. It was soft now, and slippery, as I took it in hand and stroked it—until after a while it grew hard again! I slid down and took it in my mouth. It pulsed as I tried taking it in deeper. I increased my suction on it, and Brett groaned. I felt his ass start to flex as he attempted to push it deeper in my mouth.

He lasted a couple of minutes before releasing yet another modest but tasty load of come. I gulped it down, then licked his shaft and hairy balls, feeling kind of like a cat licking itself. I crawled up next to Brett and we shared another open-mouth kiss. I'm sure he could taste himself, but he didn't object. We cuddled awhile, then fell asleep in each other's arms.

Fortunately I had a wake-up call programmed into the hotel phone—otherwise we would have overslept! Brett ran back to his room to shower and change while back in my room I did the same. Then we rushed off to the office. All day long my nipples ached for Brett, and every time he stopped by my desk my pussy juiced up at the thought of him inside me. Twice I had to retire to the ladies' room to masturbate. I couldn't wait

for the day to end.

When it finally did, we jumped into our rental car, grabbed a quick fast-food meal and then rushed back to the hotel. I told Brett to give me 15 minutes so I could call my husband, figuring I'd call him so that Brett and I wouldn't be disturbed while we made love. I told Brett I'd knock on the wall to signal that I was finished with my call.

When Elliot asked how everything was going, I told him this was proving a really intense audit and I was just about to get something to eat and then crawl into bed. He said to make sure I did "something enjoyable to relieve the stress." I had to bite my tongue to keep from laughing.

As soon as I hung up, I rapped on the wall and started stripping. Seconds later Brett was at my door. As soon as I opened it—in nothing but my panties—we were in each other's arms. We proceeded to make love in every position we could think of, and I couldn't ever remember experiencing such a sustained sexual high. I even begged Brett to take my ass twice, and got the most amazing butt-fuckings.

When I was finally spent, I told Brett that if he was still horny he could tit-fuck me with his beautiful cock. As he straddled my chest I pushed my boobs together. He slid his cock between them, and I slid a pillow under





“I COULDN’T REMEMBER EXPERIENCING SUCH A SUSTAINED SEXUAL HIGH. I EVEN BEGGED BRETT TO TAKE MY ASS TWICE”

my head so I could see it every time it peeked out from them. He lasted for several minutes before warning me that he was going to come. As I felt him on the verge of exploding, I opened my mouth, but the first jet splashed way up on my forehead. However, the next couple of squirts headed into my mouth, and I swallowed them as quickly as possible. What didn’t land in my mouth I scooped up with my fingers, then licked them clean.

Once again we fell asleep in each other’s arms; my marriage was the last thing on my mind. In the morning we showered together, and in the shower, as the water cascaded down my head, I gave Brett a blowjob. We went to the office, and as soon as we were done for the day we rushed back to my room for another night of pleasure.

By Friday morning my pussy and asshole were raw from all our lovemaking. We finished our work by noon and later that afternoon flew home. All during the flight we held hands like newlyweds. Once we landed, my heart was

pained knowing that we would be going our separate ways. We both knew we couldn’t have any kind of extracurricular contact at work, because people were bound to talk and my boss is very old fashioned.

Over the next two weeks I experienced noticeable depression as Brett and I couldn’t manage to get together. The e-mails we sent to each other had to be strictly professional so as not to arouse suspicion.

Then yesterday my boss called me into his office and told me that next week I have to go to Memphis for an audit he suspects will take at least two weeks, since the branch office there is having major problems. When he asked how Brett performed in Atlanta, I said he had done really well, and also was easy to work with, which helped get the job done more efficiently. My boss said in that case maybe I should have Brett come with me to help clean up the mess in Memphis. I said that sounded like an excellent idea.

I had to fight really hard to contain

my joy at the prospect of another week with Brett. This time I knew I wouldn’t have to pack my “traveling lover” because I’ll have a real lover along to satisfy me in every way possible.

My problem is that Elliot is such a marvelous husband, and also a really wonderful lover. But Brett sends me to the stars every time he’s inside me; I know I can’t break it off because what he does to me is incredible. Maybe it’s just the thrill of having a new lover, or maybe it’s the size of his cock. Either way, I feel bad going behind Elliot’s back to sleep with Brett.

I see one hope. Elliot and I read Penthouse Letters all the time, and he seems to really get turned on when we read letters sections like your “Take Her, She’s Mine” or “Someone’s Watching.” I’ve always assumed this is just something he likes to imagine, but maybe I can sound him out about his interest in actually sharing me with another man. Why, then I might even be able to have Brett come to our house for threesomes!—*Name and address withheld*

LETTERS



Revisiting her old haunt brought her more than memories

My wife and I had spent the better part of Saturday afternoon, well into the night, at my mother-in-law's going over and signing estate documents concerning my then-recently deceased father-in-law. It had been a trying day for all, and since Faith and I faced over an hour's drive, as ten o'clock approached I insisted we get on our way.

It started out as a quiet ride, but as we neared the interstate I remembered a road that, with a five-minute ride, would take us to an old hangout Faith and I frequented before we were married. We hadn't been there in over nine years! Since our kids were at their other grandparents' home, I asked Faith if she wanted to revisit the old place. I said she could use a pick-me-up after the day's events. She said okay, and I made the turn.

When we pulled into the parking lot the place looked old and run-down, a far cry from what it had been—a well-kept bar and dance hall that always attracted a huge crowd on the weekend. This night there were just a few cars in the lot. Faith questioned whether we should go inside, and I said, "We've come this far. We might as well go in."

As we entered the place, we were both taken aback. It was dark and dreary, with a strong stale-beer stench. It was really filthy. We were about to turn around when a crusty-looking bartender

called out, "What'll you folks have?" I grabbed Faith's hand and proceeded to the bar, where I ordered us two beers. He handed me bottles with no glasses, and took my ten-dollar bill without offering any change.

We took our beers and seated ourselves at a table near a TV that had a sprint-cup race on. As we watched we were surprised when a woman's voice called out Faith's name. Hurrying toward the table we recognized Randi, a high school chum of Faith's she hadn't seen since graduation. Right away they started catching up, while I continued watching the race. Then Randi asked Faith to "come in back" to say hi to some of her old friends.

"The back" was the old dance-hall area, which was now a pool-room/storage area with a ring of booths around the perimeter. It too was dimly lit. I couldn't see Faith once she entered the space. About 15 minutes later she came rushing back to our table and demanded that we go. Visibly shaken, she grabbed my arm and led me out the door.

Once we were in the car, I asked what the problem was. She said there was no problem, she just wanted to get home. The rest of the trip was uneventful, but when we entered the house, Faith attacked me—sexually. She wanted it bad. I didn't ask any questions!

The next week was normal. On Friday night Faith informed me that she and some of her girlfriends were

going out on the town and she would probably be late getting home. As it turned out, it was after one in the morning when she arrived, and to my surprise she was once again hellaciously "in the mood." She needed no foreplay, as she was already well-lubricated. I slipped in her easily.

The next two weeks went by uneventfully. Then on the Saturday night she told me she and some of her girlfriends were going out again. I thought, she's gone on outings with the girls before, but it's unusual for her to do it so often in such a short time. Still, I just blew it off, and decided I would go out





for a while. I took the kids to my folks' and went bar-hopping for the evening.

I got home a few minutes after one and went to bed. It was almost half past two when Faith got home, and I was in for another surprise. She stood at the end of the bed and called out, "I've got to tell you something!"

I asked, "Can't it wait until morning?"

"No," she said, "and you aren't going to like it."

"You wrecked the car?"

"No," she answered.

I shot back, "You're going to leave me?"

"No," she said in a quivering voice, "but you'll probably leave me when I tell you."

Hearing that, I knew Faith was serious. I sat up in bed and for the first time got a good look at her. She was

a mess! Her blouse was wide open, with the buttons pulled off. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her exposed tits were swollen. The extremely short faded-blue cutoffs she had on had a big wet spot at the crotch.

My first question was: "Are you all right?" I knew she'd been fucked, but I was frightened to think what might have happened. I got up from the bed and approached her. She hugged me, then began to speak.

"Remember that night after we left my mother's?" she said.

"Yeah," I replied.

"What I saw that night shocked me at first, but the more I thought about it, the more I wanted it to be me."

"And what did you see?"

"I watched some guy's

long, thick cock with a really big head disappear inside some chick lying on a table," she said excitedly. "And once he was all the way in her, he saw me staring at them, wide-eyed and mouth open, and said calmly, 'Don't go anywhere, honey, you're next.' That's when I came out to the table and we left."

I couldn't say it to Faith, but my first thought was: "I would like to see that," since as far as I knew I was the only man she'd ever experienced. But what I said was: "So you went there tonight and had sex with the guy?"

"You're getting way ahead of the story," she said. "The next Wednesday I called Randi and asked her about this guy. I said I needed to get in touch with him. I'm sorry, Don, but his equip-

ment is so much bigger than yours. I needed to have that thing inside me.

"Friday night I met Randi at the place, and after a bit she introduced me to Marty. That's his name. Standing there in front of him, I asked him if I could still be next. He didn't answer. He just backed me against the same table where he had fucked the other girl, picked me up and laid me on it.

"He unbuttoned my blouse and pulled my bra up over the top of my tits. He said they were nice but not very big, and fingered them a bit, then undid my slacks and—with me rising up—he pulled them off me, panties and all. He fingered my pussy and seemed impressed, saying how tight it looked.

"He opened his zipper,

and I was in heaven seeing the monster that was soon going to be inside me. He gripped the shaft, smeared the giant head in my flooded cunt and pushed in. As he pushed his meat in me, I let out a squeal. I can't tell you how much it meant to me to have Marty fuck me. As soon as he emptied himself

wasn't there. I was ready to leave when a guy offered to buy me a beer. He seemed all right, so I accepted. He said he recognized me from two weeks ago and commented how he would have been better than Marty.

"Pointing to my blouse, he said, 'Is it okay?' I nodded, and he proceeded to unbut-

he spent inside me before he spurted his jism in me.

"As he withdrew, I heard someone applauding and congratulating him. It was Marty! He bent over me, kissed my tits and said, 'Now do you want the real thing?' I said, 'Yes, I want the real thing,' and he inserted his giant manhood in me. I was in heaven. Don, I was still high from the first guy when Marty took over, and I never felt anything like that.

"That's what happened. I hope you can forgive me."

While Faith was telling her story, at first I was torn between anger and hurt. But as she continued, I noticed I was getting hard, and by the time she finished I was sporting a throbbing hard-on. I kept that my little secret for the time being as I asked her lots of questions about the two nights.

I was developing a plan of sorts, but didn't want to show my hand just yet. We went over two weeks without sex. Then, with another weekend fast approaching, I was horny as hell, and I knew Faith was too, and I knew it was time.

On Friday after work I approached Faith and seated her at the dining room table, then asked, "Would you like to go back there?"

She gave me a funny look and said, "Where?" After thinking a moment, she said, "No, absolutely not!"

I tilted my head and said, looking over the top of my glasses, "Are you sure?"

"Positive," she said. After another pause, her expression changed and she asked

me, "Do you want me to?"

I didn't answer. I just kept looking in her eyes. In time she said, "Wait, you want me to, don't you? You want me to go again!"

She jumped up from the table and quickly sat on my lap, hugging and kissing me. Then she said, "I really would like to go again. I've never enjoyed anything more in my life. What made you decide to let me go?"

I explained that my motive was entirely selfish. I wanted to go and watch!

She hugged and kissed me even more feverishly and asked gleefully, "Can we do it tonight?"

I said, "I hoped you would say that. I've already got my parents to watch the kids."

After supper I took them to my mother's while Faith prepared herself for her night out. When I got back, I found her looking fantastic in a pink blouse with the tails tied across her taut tummy and her already-swollen nipples clearly visible beneath the fabric, plus cutoff shorts that showed off her firm little ass.

"You're really looking forward to tonight, aren't you?" I asked, and she said that because I was going to be there, she really was. She was impatient the entire drive to the place, and she was really excited when we parted company in the parking lot and she went in.

I waited a few minutes before going in, then made my way to the end of the bar nearest to the pool room. There weren't many people in there. I saw Faith standing



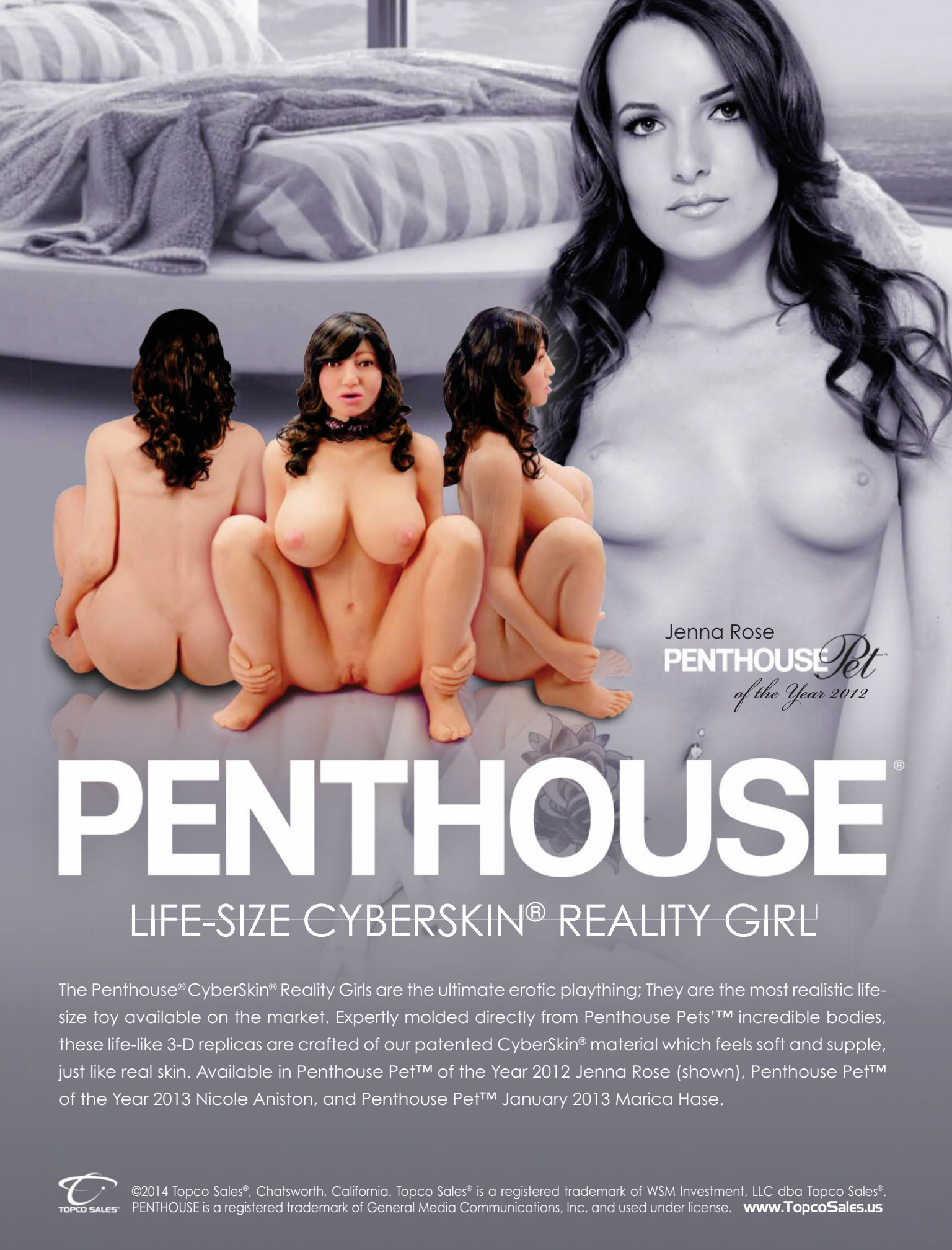
inside me, he pulled out and walked away. I dressed quickly and left.

"I was happy at first, but after a bit I thought of you and what I had done, and vowed that if I got away with it, I would never do it again. When I got home I tried to make it up to you, even though you had no idea.

"I kept my vow—until tonight, that is, when I went back looking for Marty. I was trembling as I entered the place but was disappointed when I realized he

ton the blouse and admire my bare tits. Then he began to caress them. I forgot all about Marty as he slid his fingers down the front of my pants and fingered my drooling cunt. I was his!

"He said, 'You want me to do you?' Again I nodded. He said, 'I can't hear you,' and I said, 'Yes!' He said, 'Yes, what?' I said, 'Yes, I want you to do me.' And in minutes he had me lying on the pool table naked and he was fucking me with a huge cock. I lost track of the time



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at the jukebox. Then a guy came out of the pool room to the bar and, standing next to me, called someone on his cell phone and said, "She's back!"

Within a half-hour a bunch of bikers roared up and the guys came in and made their way to the back room. I saw Faith turn and lean against the jukebox as they approached her.

"Hey, guys, she's back!" shouted a guy I assumed must be Marty. "What do you say we show her how much we've missed her?"

Four guys went up to Faith and set about disrobing her. She smiled and squealed as they touched her. I was both nervous and excited seeing her go from clothed to naked in a matter of seconds.

for all those weeks. Marty soon had her coming like crazy, squealing and gasping uncontrollably. I had never seen or heard her react like that. By now my balls were about to explode, and I had to turn away periodically to keep from going off in my shorts.

There were four or five other guys standing around the table, their hands gripping their cocks firmly, just waiting for their turn at Faith. She was a more than willing participant, enjoying one after another, with the crowd cheering them on. I was watching as the fifth guy entered her and began driving himself to a quick orgasm when I noticed someone step out of the shadows and stand just

new guy stepped into Faith's line of vision, and she stared at his massive black cock extending out in front of him nearly a foot!

Her pussy began squirting and her tummy began to spasm. She was coming

before he was even in her! Slowly and methodically he pushed his massive organ in her, and she screamed as he buried it, then began stroking her, in and out, the full length of his shaft. She was beside herself.



"Marty, clearly the leader of the group, stepped between Faith's legs, undid his pants and, using his cock like a club, swatted her pussy"

They escorted her to the pool table in the middle of the room, and a crowd gathered around it as they lifted her onto it. Marty, clearly the leader of the group, stepped between Faith's legs, undid his pants and grabbed his stiffening cock. Using it like a club, he swatted her pussy, causing her to squirm on the table.

It wasn't long before Faith got what she'd been waiting

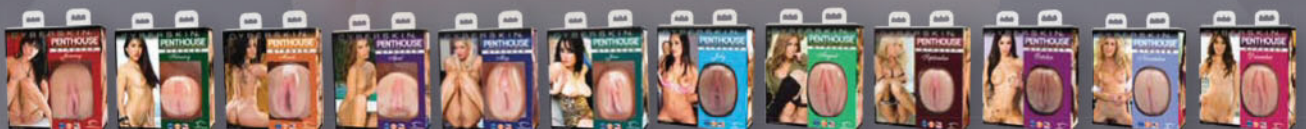
outside Faith's field of vision.

He was tall and quite a bit younger than Faith—wearing a vest, with his six-pack abs and muscular chest clearly visible. She was about to have one of her fondest fantasies become a reality: to be fucked by a black man! As the guy who was fucking her erupted inside her, the new guy had his half-hard manhood in his grip. When the other guy withdrew, the

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Army duty, and Becky told me that in the time when I was gone weekends, Toby used to come to where we lived and they spent most of their time in bed, fucking as often as they could. She said she just couldn't say no to him with his big cock that stayed hard longer than any cock she knew of.

Becky said Toby would fuck her and leave his cock inside her and in five or ten minutes it would start to swell up again and they would be off fucking again. One afternoon he fucked her four times without taking his cock out of her! Then there was a night when he stayed over and fucked her seven times! She said that every time she woke up his cock was in her—he was already sliding it in and out before she woke up.

Becky was worried Toby would get her pregnant, so she talked him into giving her a semen sample that she gave to a girlfriend who worked at the lab at the hospital for testing, and found out he had no sperm at all! When Becky told Toby, he said that was interesting because his wife was seven months pregnant! So he guessed that the married teacher she was fucking must be the father of both "his" boy and the girl she was going to have in another couple of months.

Becky said Toby always tried to get her to let him fuck her in the ass, till finally she said okay. Then she did her best to spread her rear end open more, but the first time they couldn't get it in

When the guy had been fucking her for quite a while, the bartender turned the lights on and told everyone to take it outside. When he approached the black guy still fucking my wife and said they had to leave, the guy turned and said calmly, "Leave us!" And the bartender quickly turned the lights back off and left!

I left the place and made my way to our car to wait. I was still waiting when, not long before dawn, a sheriff's car pulled up alongside me and asked what I was doing there. When I said I was

waiting for my wife, who was still inside, he laughed and said he'd heard about some chick taking on half the crowd, then asked if she was still with Nathan.

"If that's the black guy's name, she's with him."

"Not to worry," he said. "He'll fall asleep as soon as he gets off." He chuckled and drove away.

About a half-hour later, I saw Faith exiting the place. She looked exhausted and a bit dazed, but was smiling like I'd never seen. I knew her night had gone well.—

Name and address withheld

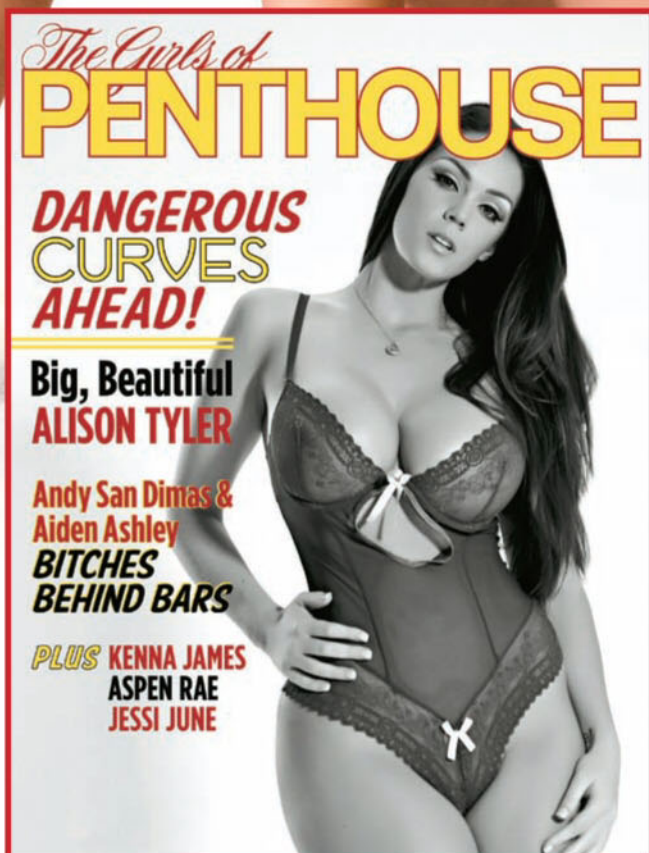
There's no end to what a man may find out about his wife's affair

You published a letter I sent about my wife's affair with a college student, Toby, while he lodged with us. I thought you might be interested in developments since then.

After Toby graduated, he got a job in a town about 100 miles away. Back then I was a long-term Army reservist and spent a lot of time on the road for them—weekends and whenever I could get off from work. Later I returned to active



NEXT ISSUE



ON SALE NOW

her. The next time they tried it, he came equipped with a "personal lubricant," and while she was laying on her stomach, he greased her asshole generously. It felt good, she said, and when he pressed his cockhead to

till she got used to him that far up her ass.

Once Toby had finally gotten to fuck Becky in the ass, each time he came over that would always be the last round. She told me that this had gone on for two or three

real in a woman's mouth. She said his come had a very mild taste, not like mine (she sucked me off a few times but not very often), which she said was very strong-tasting and had a bitter taste to it.—*P.W., Jersey City, New Jersey*

I slipped a sealed bag containing the wet panties in my husband's jacket, we exchanged knowing winks.

After dinner there was an auction. Danny was interested in bidding on a few pictures, so he joined the other bidders congregated around the stage. I told him I'd get some wine and find someone to talk to. The someone turned out to be a man who found me. His name was Chip, and he seemed a real gentleman, not to mention quite handsome and quite a talker.

From talking about the homeless we ranged into other civic matters. As Chip chattered on, I finally realized he was propositioning me! I knew I should just walk away, but he was such a smooth talker that I found myself so aroused, I couldn't leave. After another 15 minutes Chip's fingers were dancing over my thighs—and my panties were again wet with desire! Thank God the long tablecloth concealed what he was doing.

Soon he'd lifted my dress enough to slip his hand through the slit in the skirt to my crotch! I told him to stop before somebody saw and alerted my very protective husband. He withdrew his hand, then sniffed and licked his fingers. He looked in my eyes and said, "You taste as delicious as you smell, Bev. I can't wait till I can bury my face in your furry box and you come all over my face. Then I'm going to bury eight solid inches of thick cock in your lovely cunt to give you the best fuck of your life."

Teaching him a lesson wasn't all she wanted from this hung guy

Recently my husband and I attended a charity fund-raiser at a chic downtown hotel. The tickets were expensive, but it was for a good cause, the homeless—while we ate prime rib!—and there was an open bar.

I had worn a floor-length black gown that had a slit from mid-thigh to the floor and clung to my curvaceous body like a glove. When we left home, Danny said that I looked like "a walking sex bomb." During the hour-long limo ride I let him feel me up, knowing he would pleasure me well without letting me come and risk staining my gown. Thankfully it was made of wrinkle-free material, because when I went to get out of the limo it was bunched at my waist, allowing the driver and the hotel doorman a real eyeful as I smoothed it down.

When we walked in I felt sure everybody could smell my aroused pussy. For sure my panties were drenched! However, after 15 years with Danny, I'd taken the precaution of bringing clean panties as a backup. I excused myself to freshen up and returned feeling better. As



"After a while he pushed in a little more, real slow, and before she knew it, he was four or five inches into her ass. She just laid there"

her rear, it slipped in about an inch, but that was all she could take. After a while he pushed in a little more, real slow, and before she knew it, he was four or five inches into her ass. She said it took nearly an hour before he had all nine inches up her ass. Then she just laid there

years, maybe once a month.

Becky also told me she talked Toby into letting her suck on his cock, but all he ever did was shoot just a very little bit in her mouth. She said she liked the taste of his come and would have liked more, but he said he was never able to come for

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I was too stunned to talk! Chip took my hand, placed it on his throbbing cock and said, "Feel for yourself, hon. Eight real inches, not some fantasy." It was clearly longer than my husband's seven-incher, and thicker. Damn, I wanted to slip off somewhere right then so Chip could ram that rod right up my cunt!

Just then I saw Danny walking away from the group at the stage and looking around for me. As I waved with my free hand, I jerked

the other hand free, saying, "My husband is coming."

Chip quickly handed me a business card and said to call him Monday. I had just got the card tucked in my bra when Danny arrived. I started to introduce them, but Danny interrupted, saying, "I know Chip."

Chip excused himself, saying, "It was nice to visit with you, Bev. Good to see you, Danny." And he walked off.

As Danny sat down, he said icily, "That prick put

the make on you, didn't he?"

Seeing no reason to lie, I said, "As a matter of fact he did. How did you know?"

He said, "The cocksucker is a home-wrecker. I know of five marriages he's broken up by seducing the wife and then—after she left her husband—dropping her like a hot potato while he closed in on his next victim."

Danny had bought a few paintings he said he needed to arrange to have shipped when he paid for them on the way out. He asked if I was ready to go. I called to page our driver, then left Danny to deal with his purchases while I made a quick pit stop.

It was like a swamp between my legs—that's how hot Chip had me! I recalled the card in my bra, and knew I should throw it away. Instead I put it in a hidden compartment in my clutch purse.

While we were in the limo waiting for the driver, Danny moved his hand under my dress, and when he felt how buttered up my cunt was, he said, "The cocksucker felt you up, didn't he?"

Again seeing no reason to lie, I said, "He just rubbed my inner thigh while telling me I was the most desirable woman he had met in all his life. I couldn't help but get aroused, honey. But I made him stop when he tried to move his hand higher. And then I saw you coming."

Danny told me to take off my panties and straddle his lap, he needed some of my pussy. His hard cock slid in my slippery cunt, and I rode him, visualizing Chip's cock plunging into me—not even

paying attention when the limo began moving. A bone-jarring orgasm swept over me as Danny exploded, hosing down some of the fire Chip had lit. I remained on Danny's lap the rest of the way home, not moving until the driver opened the door.

Before I got off of Danny, I grabbed my panties from the seat. As I stepped out, I gave the driver a quick peek at my goodies while Danny zipped up. While I waited for him, I tucked my wet panties in the befuddled driver's hand!

For weeks afterward I couldn't get Chip out of my mind. I thought about him whenever time Danny made love to me. To my relief he didn't mention Chip again.

Two months later Danny had to travel on business, expecting to be gone all week. I knew it was just a matter of time before I contacted Chip. I lasted two hours from the time Danny left. I retrieved the card from my purse and dialed the number.

I'd decided that if I was going to deceive Danny, I could also deceive the man I planned to cheat with. I'd devised a plan to tell Chip I hadn't had sex with my husband for six months because he was having "health problems." (A fib: He was making love to me daily.)

We arranged to meet at a resort an hour away. When I arrived I found that "my husband" had checked in, so I had the desk call up to let him know I'd arrived while the bellman carried my bag up.

Chip offered me a glass of wine he had chilling, but I said I couldn't wait a second

longer to fuck him. "This'll sound corny," he said, "but that would be my pleasure."

He kissed me passionately while deftly unbuttoning my blouse and unhooking my bra, then brushing them off my shoulders, baring my full breasts and lust-swollen nipples. He kissed me again while fondling my breasts, tweaking my aching nipples and sending ripples of pleasure through my body.

"Please be gentle," I said. "It's been six months since I had sex, because Danny's been having some temporary health problems."

"Don't worry," he said. "After I finish with you, you'll feel like you'd never been with a man before."

By then he had my jeans undone and was cupping my cunt through my wet panties. The bed was already turned down, and he eased me onto it on my back, then removed my jeans—the wet panties with them. He spread my legs, then began giving me excellent head. He teased me, building me up and letting me calm down a dozen times before he "let it happen." Convulsions racked my body while waves of pleasure washed through it.

As I recovered—gasping for breath, my cunt quivering—I watched Chip stand up and strip, baring the cock I'd been dreaming about since I felt it in his pants that night. The head was bigger than any I had seen—it looked like a purple apple perched atop his shaft. It throbbed as his heartbeat displayed his urgent desire.

"My God, Chip," I cried,

"it's huge! Please go easy. It's a long time since I've even had Danny's little cock in me." Scooting to the middle of the bed, I said, "Now get down here and let's see if my cunt can take that thing."

While he loomed above me poised to enter, he said, "Did you say cunt?"

"Yes," I said. "I think it's one of the horniest words in

you had a lot of women?"

He said, "You're the 71st woman I've fucked. But you have the tightest pussy. Or rather, the tightest cunt."

I said, "Fuck my cunt as hard as you can."

He had amazing stamina and was a damn good fuck. It wasn't until he brought me to orgasm that he paused to ask if was I on the Pill or did

he have to use a condom? I told him I wasn't on the Pill but I wanted it "natural," because I love to feel a man inseminate me—and if he knocked me up I'd deal with it. (Another fib: I'd had my tubes tied for years. But I love a man thinking he might knock me up.) He put his ass in high gear and really poured the cock to me for



the English language. Now stick your cock in my cunt and give me the fucking my husband can't."

Once the head popped in he buried himself slowly until I felt his balls press against my puckered asshole. "Oh God, that feels good, Chip!" I moaned. "I love your cock. You're just the second man to get his cock in my cunt. I was a virgin on my wedding night, and till now I've never cheated on Danny." Another fib. Now I asked him, "Have

"I dialed the number. I'd decided that if I was going to deceive Danny, I could also deceive the man I planned to cheat with"

five minutes, then pumped about 15 surges of come in me. Finally he collapsed like a bag of bones.

I'd guessed him to weigh about 180, but bearing down on me he felt like 300. Once I finally felt his detumescing cock slipping out of me, I pushed him off—only to find him fast asleep! I guess I'd really wiped him out.

But I was just getting started! I went to get a cool, wet washcloth to wipe Chip's face with. That brought him around. Jacking his limp dick, I said, "Don't go to sleep on me, buddy. You have some heavy-duty fucking to do. I expect a lot more cock."

In our three days together Chip discovered he'd let a wildcat out of its cage. The last morning he awoke with

nearly to my ears. He found the perfect angle to fuck me to delirium. After bringing me to climax, he paused with his cock buried in me, looked me in the eyes and said, "I have something to ask you."

I said, "Ask away."

"Leave Danny and come live with me," he said. "So we can do this the rest of our lives and never have to sneak around again. Right now Danny can't even get it up, and if he ever can, he still can't screw you the way you deserve. Instead of his puny prick, I could give you this monster every morning and night, making you purr."

"Stop, Chip," I said. "I love my husband, and there's more to a loving relationship than sex. If I need it, I'll find another man for a fling. But

women, but I can't say, since I haven't seen or heard from him since that day.—*Name and address withheld*

Sometimes the best way to keep a marriage together is to spend time apart. If you've

been getting some on the side, don't keep it to yourself. Send your letters to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SO, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or you can send e-mail to: letters@ffn.com

"I rode him to a vigorous climax, then let him roll me over to finish pounding me with my knees pushed up nearly to my ears"

my funky-smelling cunt in his face. I rubbed my clit over his nose, then spun around and took his crusty cock in my mouth, ingesting all the dried secretions from the night before. I soon had him hard and pulled my dripping snatch off his mouth to lower myself onto his meat.

I rode him to a vigorous climax, then let him roll me over to finish pounding me with my knees pushed up

if you like, you can give me one last fuck that I'll remember for years to come."

Alas, Chip's erection was gone! He got dressed and packed his bag without saying a word, then came to the bed, extended his hand and said, "Thanks for the experience." And he beat a hasty retreat.

I'd like to think that this experience has changed the way the asshole treats



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This experience only enhanced his feeling for pregnant women

If you've ever wondered why porn videos featuring pregnant women are so popular, you should realize that for many men pregnancy has an erotic excitement. Most marriages produce at least one pregnancy, and usually some form of sexual activity continues through most of it. A woman's complexion seems to glow during those nine months; her breasts get fuller; and many experience increased erotic vigor.

Many husbands take nude photos and videos during this time. Most wives are all right with this, even proud to model their expanded nakedness. I've seen at least a dozen buddies' private preggie pictures, and they're pretty sexy.

Unfortunately there are still assholes who think pregnant women are gross or unattractive. Pregnancy puts many demands on a woman's body, and they have complex physical and emotional issues to deal with. It's a time when the mother-to-be needs extra tenderness and affection—and more. Which leads me to my story.

Lauren was an attractive brunette who worked in our construction office. In addition to being sexy, she was hard-working and proficient, and was respected by all of us. One day she announced proudly that she was pregnant and would begin her leave of absence shortly after to prepare for the birth.

In her eighth month she

stopped by the office to check on insurance matters, and we talked for an hour. We had often kidded each other about our sex lives, and exchanged naughty jokes, but had never done anything intimate. I asked about her life as a full-time housewife and mother-to-be, and she started to cry.

Lauren told me that since she'd become pregnant her husband wouldn't come near her, and had gone so far as to sleep in the spare bedroom! She suspected he was repulsed by the sight of a pregnant woman.

"That's nuts," I said. "You are more beautiful now than ever. You have a glow—and your tits are spectacular." She blushed and then said, "Thanks, I needed that."

I'm usually the last one to leave the office, and a few weeks after that conversation as I was going out the door a car pulled up and Lauren got out, with a look of determination on her face. Before I could say hello, she pulled me into the office, then took my face in her hands and kissed me with incredible passion. In the midst of it she grabbed my crotch!

After the longest and sexiest kiss I'd ever had, Lauren undid my pants and pushed them down, along with my shorts, and with some effort got to her knees. She examined my excited cock, then put her mouth to it. When she decided it was hard enough, she sat me in a chair, pulled off her panties and straddled my lap, making certain that my cock was angled exactly right to

slip in her. Then she rode me for ten wonderful minutes! When I fumbled for her tits, she opened her blouse and pulled up her bra to give me access. She smiled when I sucked out some milk. Every time I tried to speak, she put her finger over my lips.

We relaxed in this position for several minutes. Then she started moving slowly, just rolling her ass on me, until she gasped sharply and shuddered to a stop. Less than 20 minutes after she arrived, she kissed me, buttoned her blouse, handed me her panties and left.

The next morning one of the office girls told me that Lauren had given birth to a baby girl during the night.

That was the only time I had any physical contact with Lauren, and after she returned to work, neither of us ever mentioned it. But since that night I get a special feeling when I see a woman who's expecting. I certainly understand why those X-rated videos of pregnant ladies are so popular.—
Name and address withheld

You know about the Odd Couple—meet the Odd Threesome!

Way back when, my folks died months apart, and my brother Bryan and I moved into the house on the small farm Dad bought when he retired. It wasn't big, but it was big enough for two guys 23 (Bryan) and 21 (me).

Bryan wanted to continue working the farm, so he did, while I kept driving trucks for a company. I'm gone for a



week to ten days, then off for two or three days. When I'm home, I help Bryan on the farm. After we lived this way for about a year we were sitting in the kitchen talking when Bryan said, "You know, what we need around here is a woman. Maybe one of us should get married and have some kids."

I looked at him like he was crazy and asked if he had anyone in mind. He said no and wondered if I had any thoughts. I said I'd heard Janice was getting a divorce from the asshole she married. He laughed. Both of us had gone out with her at one time or another. I said I'd talk to her and see if she was in-

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terested in hanging out with a couple of hardheads.

Janice said she was glad to hear from me, and said her divorce would be final in a month. I made a date with her, and took her out to a nice club for dinner and a few drinks. She said she was getting a divorce because Seth refused to let her have kids. He said he didn't have time to fool around with kids.

I asked if, when her divorce was final, she'd like to move in with Bryan and me. She laughed and said, "Do I sleep with you or Bryan?" I said it didn't matter but he'd look after her while I was on the road. She said, "You know what the girls used to call Bryan, don't you?" I said no, and she said, "Donkey Dick." I laughed and asked if she knew firsthand. She

nant?" She said she wouldn't be the first woman to get married with a big belly.

"Okay," I said, "but you know Bryan will want to get in your panties." I said it was okay with me if she slept with him while I was gone. She laughed and said, "So I'll have two husbands? And we'll wonder whose baby it is, yours or Bryan's?"

Janice moved in with us about six weeks later. After we got her stuff moved and put away, we all went out to eat and have a few drinks. Back home, sitting in the kitchen talking, Janice said, "I want to sleep with both of you tonight." She went in the bedroom and stripped, then snuck up behind Bryan and said, "You first, big boy, as I'll be sleeping with Matt 'cause he leaves tomorrow."

Bryan carried her to his bedroom, and I went to mine (now "ours") and stripped to my shorts. An hour later Janice came in and said, "Want me to take a shower? I'm full of come. Three loads."

"Hell no," I said. "You just rest awhile, and when you're ready we'll do our thing." A half-hour later she slid down and sucked my cock awhile, then said, "How do you want it tonight?" I said, "Get on top and ride me," and that's what she did.

I asked if she was using birth control. She said, "Hell no! I got rid of Mark 'cause he wouldn't let me get pregnant. I figured you two ought to be able to take care of that pretty soon." She rode me till we both came. We rested, then did it doggie-style. She liked both.



"Janice said, 'You know what the girls used to call Bryan, don't you?' I said no. She said, 'Donkey Dick.' I laughed and asked if she knew firsthand"

said she had a girlfriend who went out with him who said he went deeper and stretched her more than any guy she'd known.

"Well," I said, "he's twice as long as me and twice as big around." I said if she was interested, I would marry her as soon as it was legal. She said she wanted to wait a year before she got married. I said, "What if you get preg-

I got up early in the morning and left a note: "Bryan will take care of anything you need while I'm gone. I'll see you in a week." And that's how it worked out. Bryan farmed, I drove truck, and Janice went back to work at the hospital and kept us from making too much of a mess around the house.

A month later Janice took me aside and said she still wasn't sure but she missed her last period and thought she might be pregnant. She wanted samples from Bryan and me, which she had a girlfriend test at the hospital lab. Maria told her that one sample was loaded with sperm while the other had none. Bryan with his donkey dick has no baby-makers!

When we found out for sure Janice was pregnant, we decided to get married. I told Bryan they could still sleep together when I was on the road like always except now he was fucking a married woman.

After 20 years we have three girls and two boys. We built onto the house, adding bedrooms and another bathroom, and we all get along just fine. Bryan makes a pretty good living off the farm, and I do pretty well hauling freight.

We were all sitting around the other night when the youngest boy, Tim, asked his mother when she was going to be having another baby—and could she make sure it was a boy so that they could even the sides?

Janice said she hadn't thought about another baby, "but you never know around

this place." And she gave me a funny look!—*Name and address withheld*

A little stimulation of the prostate can be great for a marriage

This is a thank-you note for a letter I read not long ago in Penthouse Letters where a wife pleased her husband by stimulating his prostate. It led my wife and me to experience glorious pleasure.

I'm newly married to Josie, a living, breathing doll right out of your glossy pages. When I somewhat timidly told her about the prostate story, she shot up in bed, her pink nipples stiff, and said, "Could we do that?"

"You little slut," I replied, laughing. "Yes indeed, if you like." She disappeared under the covers, and a moment later I felt her breath on my balls, then the wetness of her tongue, and finally the incredible sensation of her gently sucking each of my balls into her mouth.

I couldn't stand not being able to see her, and tossed back the covers to find her staring adoringly at the head of my hard cock. I gasped as her tongue darted out to it and her lips engulfed it. She took more and more of my cock in, and finally all of it, then slowly pulled off. As she released her prize, a thread of fluid stretched from my cock to her tongue.

Her lissome body swung gracefully astride my chest, facing away from me. With her bare pussy inches from my face, she rolled her swollen clit between her slender

fingers. She dipped a finger in her dripping cunt for lubrication, then bent forward and with the glistening finger searched between my legs for the entrance to my ass. I held my breath.

"Ready, baby?" she murmured. Was I ever! Still, I gasped as the finger penetrated my anus. It slid all the way in until it found the spot. "Is that it, baby?" she asked.

I moaned as her fingertip gently pressed my prostate. When her mouth returned to my raging cock, she took it right down her throat. I tangled my fingers tightly in her hair and lost myself in pleasure as she tried to gulp it all the way down while I fucked her lovely face, expecting her to finish me this way. But my ingenious lover had more devilish ideas.

As she raised her head from my cock, I felt her fin-

ger slip out of my ass. She straightened up and hitched herself forward, then guided my dripping cock deep in her pussy. With feline grace she leaned forward again, reached beneath my swollen balls and once more found the sweet spot inside my rectum. "Fuck me, babe," she moaned. "Fuck me while I fuck your ass!"

Fighting my urge for release, I distracted myself by firmly squeezing the cheeks of her perfect bottom. Then, wanting her to receive as well as give, I penetrated her trembling ass with my finger. I felt my cock through the intervening membrane, and by bending my finger slightly I could rub the head of it through the wall, so I was massaging my dick and her pussy with every thrust. Her finger was busy too, stroking my prostate rhythmically.





“The women would draw straws, and the short straw would go to a bedroom to be prepped by the other ladies for the man who drew our short straw”

Both of us were moaning up a storm. Finally I roared “Now!” and we both tumbled into ecstasy.—*C.F., Scottsdale, Arizona*

There are parties, and there are parties. This was the second kind

Each year my boss (I’m a salesman at a manufacturing company) has huge company parties for Fourth of July, Labor Day and Christmas at

his home in the country, a big spread with a pool and hot tub. There’s lots of food and drink for the families, presents for the kids—and fireworks for the Fourth!

A couple of months ago I was talking to Dennis (my boss) when he sounded me out about a different kind of party he also hosts: monthly adult ones! I knew Pattie, my wife, wouldn’t be thrilled by the idea of an adults-only affair, as she isn’t much of a

drinker and is very reserved. But I told her Dennis said a lot of business is discussed at these events and I got the impression that if I wanted to move up in the company I ought to attend.

After long discussion, Pattie agreed. I noted we could leave if it got out of hand.

For the party Pattie chose a loose-fitting dress that did nothing to flatter her figure—that of a woman way younger than her 36. Her 36-inch breasts are still firm, and if her hips are a bit broader from child-bearing, her ass is firm. She looks good.

We were greeted by Dennis’s wife Vickie, who started to introduce us to two couples, but we already knew Ethan, our company’s other salesman, and his wife Abby. However, I was happy to meet Alex, the purchasing

agent for one of our largest customers, and his wife Sophie. I thought maybe this really would be a good networking opportunity.

Vickie said two more couples would be joining us. While we waited, chatting and snacking, our hosts made sure that Pattie’s wineglass was never empty.

Next to arrive were Hunter, the owner of our company, and his wife Charlotte. Hunter is overweight—his belly hangs over his belt—and kind of loud and vulgar, but Charlotte, though also a little heavy, dresses classy and my wife says she always enjoys her company.

Last to arrive were the foreman of our shipping department and his wife, Christian and Beth, who are black. Christian is about six feet four and very well-built. Beth is five-six with high tits and a perfect bubble butt.

As we talked and drank, talk switched from business to personal matters, with a lot of sexual innuendo. Then Hunter, our boss, said, “We gotta liven this party up with a game.” His wife Charlotte shocked me by suggesting “blind woman’s bluff.”

Pattie, who was quite giggly by this time, and I said we didn’t know that game. Charlotte explained that the women would draw straws, and the short straw would go to a bedroom to be prepped by the other ladies for a visit from the man who drew the short straw among the men. She said over and over that the woman didn’t do have to do anything she was uncomfortable with. It could be just

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LETTERS

a kiss on the cheek, or some making out like teenagers, or whatever she pleased.

To my amazement, Pattie went along—telling me privately that she realized this party was important for me. After all, she said, she could stop whenever she wanted, plus there was a one-in-six chance that I would draw the men's short straw.

But off the bat she drew the short straw. (Looking back, I believe the game was rigged.) As she was led off to the guest bedroom by the other ladies, she looked back at me with a deer-in-the-headlights expression.

Dennis said we should all go to the viewing room. I asked what we were going to view, and he said, "You'll see." The room contained a sofa and several easy chairs, all facing a wall with a panel of curtains. As we all took seats, Dennis pulled the curtain back, revealing a total view of the guest bedroom!

We all watched the ladies prep Pattie: fluffing her hair, applying perfume and bright red lipstick. They took off her dress, but when they went for her bra, she said no, and sure enough, they stopped! They blindfolded her and led her to the king-size bed. While she lay there on her back, they stood on either side of her, all running their hands all over her.

Our hostess Vickie leaned in and kissed Pattie on the neck, then kissed her way across her face to a long kiss on the mouth, all the while stroking her body, getting closer to her breasts. When Pattie returned the

kiss, Vickie began massaging her ample tits. Soon her hand was under Pattie's bra working them. She slid the bra up out of the way, and Pattie's nipples were standing at full attention.

Vickie began sucking on one tit and Ethan's wife Abby the other. Pattie was visibly turned on, and when Charlotte got between her legs and began kissing her thighs and working her way

up to Pattie's pussy, Pattie writhed around on the bed, moaning. Charlotte rubbed her pussy through her panties, then pushed them aside and began licking her cunt. Pattie raised her ass off the bed to meet Charlotte's tongue. Charlotte pulled Pattie's panties down and off, then went back to licking her cunt, driving Pattie wild.

With my dick rock-hard, I told the men I was going to

the rest room and stepped out. Standing in the hall, I thought I should get Pattie and leave, but I guess I was too excited by what I'd seen and curious how far Pattie would let things go. When I went back in the viewing room, I was told that Hunter had drawn the short straw and would be going to Pattie first. "First"? I wondered how many men would be visiting my wife tonight.

Hunter left us, and we soon saw him entering the bedroom where Pattie was. He removed his shirt, pants and underwear. His semi-hard dick was barely sticking out past his belly. Vickie told Pattie that her visitor had arrived. Hunter came to the bed and put her hand on his dick. She was tentative at first, but was soon stroking his cock while the girls continued to feast on her body. Hunter moved closer to Pattie and pointed her head at his dick. She licked the head and took him into her mouth.

While Hunter slid his dick in and out of Pattie's mouth, she massaged his balls. Charlotte emerged from between Pattie's legs and left the room. Vickie got between her legs and began playing with her pussy.

The door to the viewing room opened and Charlotte walked in. She'd removed her dress and was wearing just a bra and panties. She came over to me and got to her knees in front of me. As she unbuckled my belt and unzipped my pants, she said, "Pattie shouldn't be the only one having fun!"



My dick stiffened as I watched my wife aroused by all the attention she was getting. Charlotte lowered my pants and underwear to the floor and dropped to her knees, then kissed the head of my dick and took it in her mouth. I was really enjoying her sucking me and had to work to keep from coming. But when I saw Hunter blast his load down my wife's throat, I was unable to hold back. Charlotte swallowed my load, as Pattie did for Charlotte's husband.

While I watched my wife, Charlotte kept licking and sucking my dick. When I looked back at the bedroom, Hunter was gone and Dennis was there, stroking his cock. It was about as long as mine, but as big around as a beer can. He moved to the bed and fed it to Vickie, who swallowed it in and slid



“When I saw Hunter blast his load down my wife’s throat, I was unable to hold back. Charlotte swallowed my load, as Pattie did for Charlotte’s husband”

her mouth up and down it a few times, then moved away as Dennis moved between Pattie's legs and rubbed the head of his dick at my wife's cunt lips.

“Yes, yes!” Pattie shouted as Dennis worked his dick in. It took awhile, but when it was all buried, he began fucking her hard, his balls

smacking her ass each time he drove into her. Her arms were at her sides, and she grabbed the sheet on the bed as she came. Dennis pushed in as deep as he could. When I saw his ass flex, I knew he was pumping his seed into my wife.

Now Vickie came in the viewing room and stood in

front of me wearing nothing but a smile. She got to her knees and kissed my dick and balls. When she had me hard, she straddled my legs and lowered her cunt onto my dick. It was wonderful watching her tits bounce as she moved up and down on my cock. I tried to hold off from coming but couldn't. I pulled Vickie's hips down onto my dick and blasted into her hot pussy.

When I recovered my senses, I looked over Vickie's shoulder and saw Beth leaving the bedroom while Christian, her husband, advanced toward my wife. He wasn't hard yet, but even so his dick looked to be about three inches longer than

mine and as thick as Dennis's. He moved to Pattie's head and guided her lips to it. While kissing and licking the head, she reached for his shaft, but her hand could not totally encircle it.

I thought Pattie had to know it wasn't my dick she was sucking. But with lust driving her, that didn't seem to matter to her. She tried to take that whole dick in her mouth, but couldn't. As she worked it over, it seemed to grow even larger!

Beth, Christian's wife, had entered the viewing room after slipping out of the bedroom, and now stepped in front of me, totally naked. Vickie stood up and my dick plopped out of her

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cunt, and Beth began rubbing it and my balls while pulling my pants from my ankles. As my dick began to respond, she lifted me off the sofa and led me behind it, then dropped to her knees and began sucking me.

I looked in the bedroom and saw Hunter between my wife's legs, rubbing the head of his huge black dick over her cunt lips. While I watched him work the head into her, I knew I should be jealous, but the sight of that massive black tool pushing methodically into Pattie, and the attention my dick was getting from Beth, had me riveted. Beth stood and, smiling at me, turned and bent over the sofa. As I eased my dick in her tight pussy, I watched Christian working



“When my dick slid out of Beth’s cunt, she kissed me, then said, ‘That was great.’ Just then, I saw Christian pull his giant dick out of my wife’s pussy”

more of his log in my wife.

When he finally got it in all the way, she wrapped her arms and legs around him and pulled him in as deep as she could. As he pounded in and out, his big nut sac slapping her ass each time, I was so turned on, I was fucking Beth like a rabbit. However, at that pace I didn't last long before blasting my load in her. Then I watched Christian's ass

cheeks clench as he blew his nuts in Pattie and she shook through orgasm.

When my dick softened and slid out of Beth's cunt, she turned and kissed me, then said, "That was great." Just then, I saw Christian pull his giant dick out of my wife's pussy, gapped open with their juices trickling out.

I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned to see Sophie, Alex the purchasing agent's

wife, standing naked in front of me. She kissed me and pushed her tits against my chest, then moved to the sofa, lay down and spread her legs, then said, "Eat me." Not wanting to disappoint, I dived between her legs and lapped at her bald pussy. I spread her cunt lips and darted my tongue in. I found her button and worked on it till she had came, squirting her juice on my face.

Then I realized that if Sophie was here, Alex must be with Pattie. In the bedroom I saw him with his dick in her mouth. His hand was on her head as he fucked her face. She massaged his balls till he pushed his dick as deep as he could and pumped his load down her throat.

As Alex pulled out of Pattie's mouth, I saw all of the

ladies returning to the bedroom, fully dressed, which made me think this was the end. I was wrong.

The ladies rolled Pattie onto her stomach and got her on her hands and knees, and my fellow salesman Ethan entered stroking his dick. It wasn't as large as the others, or my own, but it was hard and ready to go. He moved behind Pattie on the bed and pushed in.

Abby, Ethan's wife, came back in the viewing room and sucked my dick. When it was hard, she lowered her cunt onto it. She felt great bouncing up and down on it while I watched her husband pump into my wife. Then he pulled his dick out of her pussy and rubbed the head at the opening of her ass. The ladies in the

bedroom with her told her to relax and enjoy it. He worked the head in, then paused for a moment, then began pounding her ass.

Abby moved off of me and pulled me to my feet—by my dick! She bent over the arm of the sofa, then reached back and guided my dick to her asshole. I worked the head in and began fucking her ample ass while watching Ethan blow his nuts in Pattie's ass. I lasted much longer than I expected, giving Abby's ass a good reaming before emptying my nuts in it. After my dick softened and slid out of Abby's ass, she turned around and gave me a kiss, then left the room.

As I was putting my clothes back on, Charlotte came back in the viewing room, dressed, and said I could join Pattie. I went to the bedroom and found her lying on her back with her legs open and her pussy gapped open, leaking come. I removed her blindfold, and she threw her arms around my neck, kissed me and told me how wonderful I had been fucking her!

I thought she had to know those dicks she'd serviced weren't mine. I came to figure that rather than feeling guilty about what had happened, she chose to think I was her partner all night!

She showered and dressed, and we joined the other guests. When the evening was over, as we left, Vickie asked Pattie if she'd like to come back to another party. She said yes, she would love to!



That hasn't happened yet, but who knows what kind of surprises we'll get when it does?—*M.T., Gary, Indiana*

Dressing as a woman was just the start of his living out his fantasy

A decade ago, before I was married, while I lived in the New Orleans area, I was having drinks one night in a neighborhood lounge when a beautiful black girl sat next to me. She said her name was Candy, and I so enjoyed chatting with her, and found her so attractive, that I was startled when she told me she was a man!

I said I couldn't believe someone so attractive wasn't really a woman, but Candy assured me it was true. Seeing that I was intrigued, she said she could make me look just as good, and if I

didn't believe her, I should just let her try. With a few drinks in me, I accepted!

Candy took me to her apartment and started to apply makeup. I wanted to look in the mirror, but she said I had to wait till she was done. Next she told me to take my clothes off and put one of her dresses on, with a stuffed bra. Then came a pair of her shoes.

Finally I was permitted to look in the mirror. Damn, I looked good!

Candy said she wanted to take me out to a club she knew. I was shaking from excitement and nervousness, but I felt great about my transformation, and something in me made me want to show it off! At the club, while we sat at the bar with drinks, a nice-looking man came over and started talking to us. When I finished my

drink, he ordered me another, and asked me to dance. I was shaking so badly, I had to say no.

Back at Candy's place, as I was changing back into my clothes. Candy asked me to come see her again, and I said I would. And I did, this time bringing some clothes I'd bought on my own, along with a blonde wig and high heels. Candy was surprised but pleased. Again we both dressed up, and this time went to several clubs.

At one, I met the owner, Big Al, a friend of Candy's, a personable guy in his 40s. He told me I was welcome back anytime, even though the club catered to black people. It was a friendly, free-swinging place, and set me to thinking about fantasies and desires I'd never thought I could actually realize.

The next time I saw Candy

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I said I wanted to go back and see Big Al. When we did, I told both of them that though I'd never touched another man's dick, I wanted to try. Actually, I wanted to give a guy a blowjob and do it in front of a group of people. I told Big Al I'd like to suck my first dick at his club, and if he wanted, he could auction my mouth off to the highest bidder—and keep the money. I just wanted the excitement.

Big Al said that he could arrange what I wanted, and also wanted to auction off my asshole. This had never entered my mind, but when he said it, I began to shake with excitement. I agreed! He suggested we do it Saturday night, and that evening Candy came over to help me with clothes and makeup. I was so hyper, I don't think I could have gotten ready by myself!

We got to the club about half past ten, and Big Al said it was all set up. He went onstage and via the mike told everyone to "quiet down a minute." He announced that there was a special guest at the club (my white skin and blonde wig gave me away), and a special party would start at midnight. Meanwhile they could stop by and introduce themselves.

A tall, lanky fellow came over and asked what was going on. Candy said he'd have to wait and see, but she took my hand, placed it on his crotch and encouraged me to rub him! I did, and other men started coming over to let me get a feel.

At midnight Big Al took

the mike and said he was going to lock the door, so anyone who wanted to leave should do so now. He said men who stayed would have to pay ten dollars; ladies could stay free. Some men complained, and Al said anyone who didn't enjoy the show could get his money back. That quieted them.

The doors were locked, and I was called onstage. Big Al explained that I had never sucked a dick and he was going to auction off this white virgin mouth. The winner would really have something to brag about!

The auction began, and along with the bids I heard a lot of comments about guys wanting to "fuck her pretty mouth." My head was whirling! Finally Al had the three highest bidders come onstage and told them to take out their dicks for me to kiss! It finally sank in that I was about to live out my fantasy of sucking a dick in front of a crowd! I got down on my knees and kissed the head of each exposed dick in turn. Then the men were asked to continue bidding.

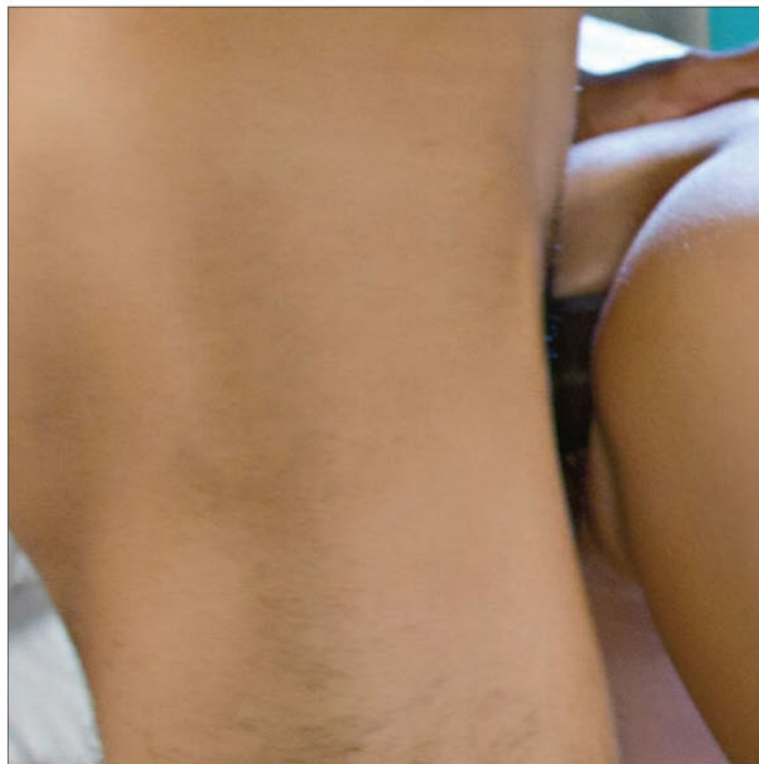
Finally a tall, good-looking man of about 40 won, and Al told me to go on and suck him. The crowd began hollering and screaming, which ratcheted my excitement up even more. I took his dick and kissed it all over, then sucked his balls. After a few minutes I worked my way up to the dickhead, then for the first time took a dick in my mouth! It felt great! I must have worked it in and out of my mouth for 15 minutes, until he grabbed my

head and started to fuck my face with passion. Shortly after, he started spewing in my mouth like a fountain. I tried to swallow every drop.

Everyone thought that was it, until Big Al announced that the main event was set to start! He said now he in-

stiff drink, and Candy started to apply lube to my ass.

Bent over the way I was, I didn't see the face of Steve, the winner. He got behind me and started pushing in, and all I could think about was his dick. As I felt it press against my tight asshole, I



tended to auction off my virgin ass, which really got the crowd stirred up. A stool was brought out and I was told to lean over it. My dress was pulled up and my silk panties pulled down. Again Big Al used the line about being the first to fuck the white virgin, except this time he was talking about my ass. During the bidding I was given a

wanted it more than I'd ever wanted anything. Steve kept saying to relax, then pushed more of his dick in my ass. In time he started to stroke it in and out, and I couldn't believe the pleasure. And the greater the pleasure, the easier it was to relax.

When it was all in, he began to pump me faster, and the crowd cheered. He held

my hips and pounded me faster and faster till he filled my ass with his come.

Again I thought the night was over, until Big Al said that those who hadn't won could still get in on the action. Anyone who wanted my mouth could have it for 10

ass or mouth, another was waiting to replace him. When everyone had had me, Al announced that the show was over "except for this"—and he dropped his pants!

Now I learned why he was called Big Al! He had the biggest dick I ever saw. He



"Anyone who wanted my mouth could have it for 10 bucks, my ass for 20. I'd told Al I could handle any amount of action, and he took me at my word!"

bucks, or my ass for 20. I'd told Al I could handle any amount of action, and he took me at my word!

The next I knew there was a dick at my lips and someone telling me to open my mouth. As I did, I felt another dick entering my ass. In my wildest dreams I never expected anything like this! As each man finished with my

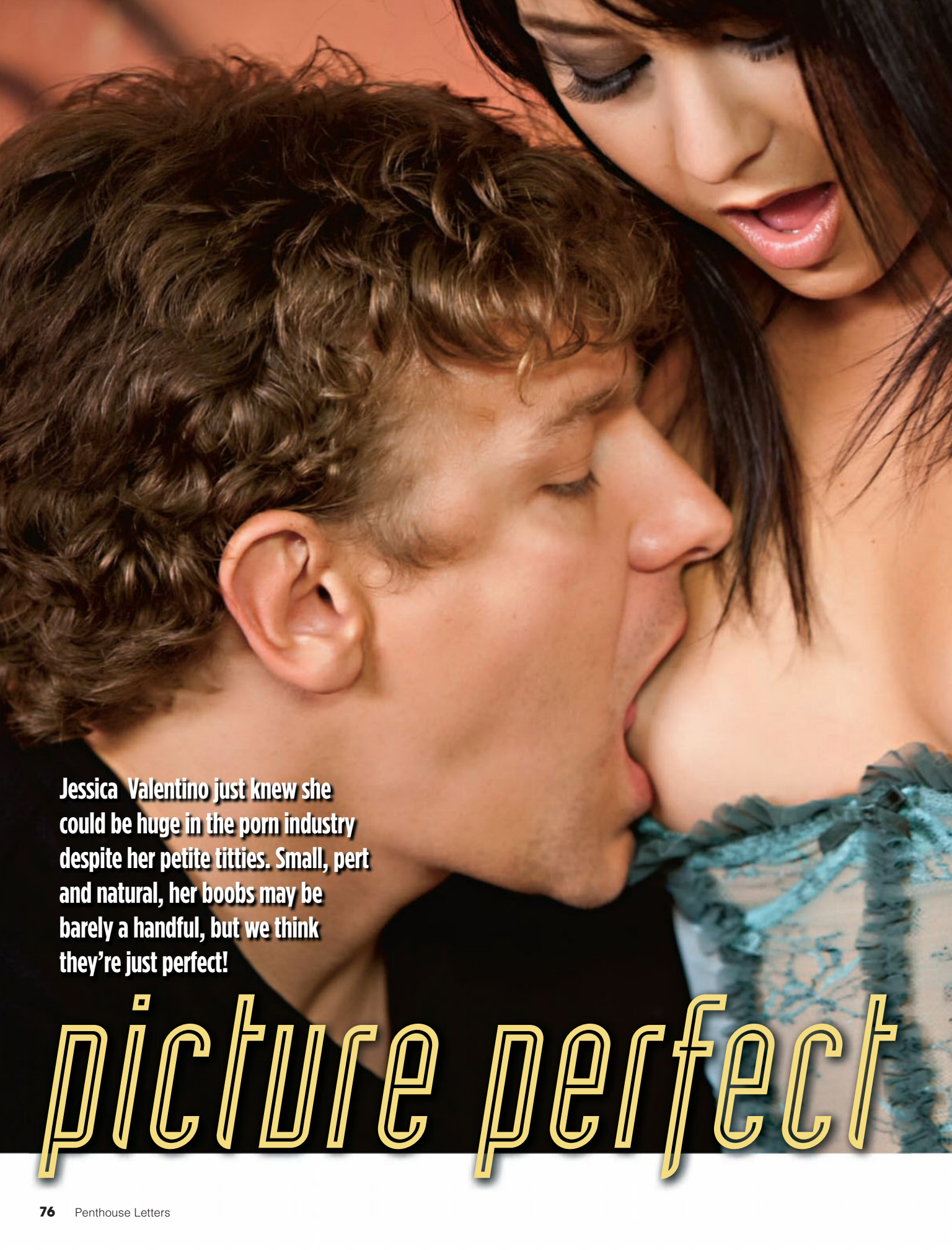
told me to suck it, and I did, though I couldn't get much of it in my mouth. After a few minutes he had me bend over the bench and he got behind me. As he started to push that thing in my ass, I thought I'd pass out! But he finally got the whole thing in and began to stroke slowly, until I adjusted to it.

Then he began to fuck

me! As he did, I exploded. I never thought I could come without touching myself! I wanted him to fuck me forever, but he soon came in my ass, then pulled out and had me lick his dick clean, which I did happily.

Finally Al asked if anyone wanted their money back. No one did.—*Name and address withheld*

Our letter writers have paved new roads into the world of pleasure. If there's a kinky route only you've discovered, why not share your discovery with fellow erotic explorers? Send your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department DS, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or send e-mail to: letters@ffn.com



Jessica Valentino just knew she could be huge in the porn industry despite her petite titties. Small, pert and natural, her boobs may be barely a handful, but we think they're just perfect!

picture perfect







**One's bra needn't runneth over for
one to be worshiped and adored
by horny men and women alike.
There's something to be said
for being "all natural," and
it's this: HOT DAMN!**



As we can see, Jessica doesn't have any problem getting her lover off. She is a talented, confident and beautiful creature whose choice to remain "real" has definitely worked for her—and for us!



SPOTLIGHT ON

Take Her, She's Mine

His wife wanted the car so badly, she'd do whatever, or *whoever*, she had to—and even bring her husband's fantasy to life!

Nine years ago, I met Connie at the hospital where she was an emergency-room nurse. I was a cop on the third shift, and saw her two or three times a week, when I went to her hospital to interview a crime victim or people involved in traffic accidents. The first time I saw her I was taken by her beauty and her warm, friendly smile. She was ravishing, and statuesque (six feet one!), and her white nurse's uniform showed off her killer body and very shapely long legs.

Being six-three I wasn't intimidated by her height, and I grew to love her quick sense of humor, which was often laced with double entendres of a strikingly racy nature. Whenever I finished my investigation and there was a lull in the E.R., we would kid around a little before I left. One night, after about two months, my (female) partner asked me when I was going to ask Connie out, since she was so into me. When I asked why she thought that, she told me that Connie had pulled her aside earlier and asked her all kinds of personal questions about me!

So the next time I saw Connie at the hospital, I got up the nerve and asked her out. She accepted, and we scheduled a date for my next night off. When I picked her up, she blew me away by wearing a skirt that barely covered her ass—and me having always been a leg man, I had an erection the whole night long! There was no way I could stop seeing her magnificent legs encased in pantyhose.

We hit it off really well, and started

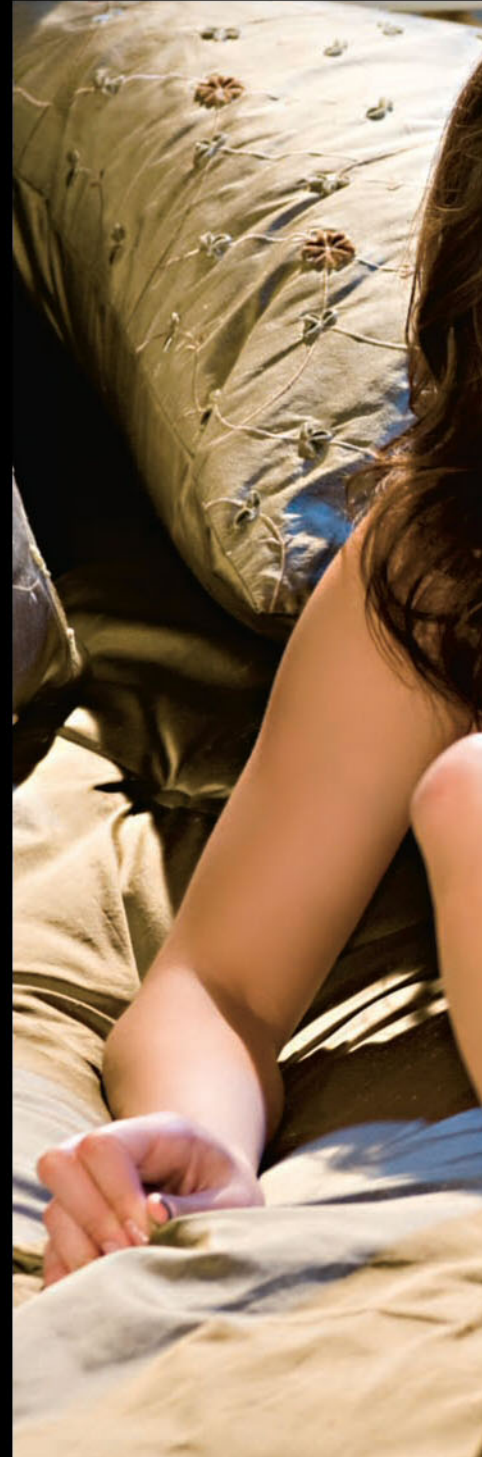
dating every time we had a day off. On our fourth date Connie spent the night at my place and we had the wildest night of sex I'd ever had. She proved to be the most passionate woman I'd ever met. She threw her heart and soul into her lovemaking. Fortunately for both of us we both had the next day off. We didn't get much sleep that night!

That's when Connie learned that I subscribed to *Penthouse Letters*. She saw it on the coffee table and started kidding me about it, saying I probably used your stories and photos to beat off when I was alone. (True!) I joked that from then on I only had to picture her long legs to do that!

A year later we got married, and it's been heaven ever since.

Eventually Connie started taking an interest in *Penthouse Letters*, and whenever she read a couple of letters, we ended up having incredibly hot sex. One night several years ago she asked me what part of the magazine turns me on the most. After a moment of hesitation, I said I liked the "Take Her, She's Mine" section. Her retort was: "In your dreams, baby! What's with you men wanting to see your woman fucking another guy? It's never going to happen with me."

After that, every time we had a really torrid lovemaking session, she'd say she knew what I was thinking of while we were making love, and when I smiled, she'd reply, "In your dreams, you dirty old man! You're the only one that gets between these legs."







“My cock got hard instantly. Connie smiled and said she *thought* I would like the deal! Then, while she kept rubbing my cock, she set some ground rules”

That’s how it went until three weeks ago, when we went shopping for a car to replace Connie’s nine-year-old one. We spent a week looking at every make and model of cars. I wanted her to buy a new Camry XSE, but she wanted a Lexus IS 350, which would cost considerably more. We’d driven both, and she loved the Lexus, but I thought it was too expensive, even though we both earn good money. (We’ve come a long way since our days of getting by on a cop’s and a nurse’s salary!)

Two weeks ago we were sitting on our living-room couch drinking some wine while we went back and forth on which car to get. Finally Connie won the discussion by making me an offer I couldn’t refuse. As we sat there with her pleading her case, she suddenly nuzzled my ear and, while placing her hand on my crotch, whispered in her sultriest voice, “Honey, I’ll make you a deal. I get the Lexus, and you get your fantasy.” Then she exhaled a breath of hot air in my ear, which was quickly followed by her probing tongue.

My cock got hard instantly at the thought of what she was proposing, and with only a slight hesitation I responded, “Deal.”

Connie smiled at me and said she thought I would like the deal! Then, while she kept rubbing my cock, she set some ground rules:

- She would be the one to pick the man, with no objections from me.
- I could not object or interfere in any way with anything she did with him.
- I could not join in with her lovemaking unless specifically asked to.
- She wanted me to video-record the whole thing, so we could view it whenever we wanted and reminisce about what happened.

I agreed to her terms, and asked if she had anyone in mind. With a smile, she said she liked Rick, the Lexus sales manager we’d met at the dealership. He’s a really good-looking 35-year-old guy, about five feet ten, who, from the looks of his muscular build, appar-

ently works out a lot, because he has a broad chest and big arms. And all the while we were in the showroom he couldn’t seem to take his eyes off Connie. She said she thought he’d jump at the chance to fuck her, and I said I had no doubt. (Of course I wasn’t allowed any input on her choice.)

We made a plan. That Saturday afternoon Connie, after showering and shaving her entire body and doing her hair and makeup, put on a short skirt that barely covered her ass, with a pair of pantyhose (no panties) that was sheer to the waist, along with a sheer bra that allowed her large nipples to poke out the material of her thin body-hugging sweater, cut low enough to show off a good amount of cleavage. She looked like a movie star at a gala event.

A little after three we drove to the showroom, where almost at once were approached by a salesman. When we told him we were there to see Rick, he had a disappointed look as he turned to go get him. When Rick came out of his office and saw who had asked for him, he broke into a big smile and rushed over to us. Connie told him that she wanted to test-drive the red IS 350 they had parked on the lot, and he rushed off to get the keys.

The three of us went out to the car, and as Connie slid into the driver’s seat, her skirt rode up so high, it nearly exposed her pussy. I suggested to Rick that he sit up front so he could explain the vehicle’s bells and whistles to my wife while I rode in back.

As Connie test-drove for the next 20 minutes, I saw that Rick’s eyes were basically locked on her lower body. A few times she squirmed in her seat, and when I leaned forward to ask a question I saw that her skirt had ridden up even higher—so that her pussy was now slightly exposed! She acted as if she was unaware of her wardrobe malfunction—or of tormenting poor Rick while she drove.

Finally, when we returned to the dealership lot, Connie stopped the car and

nonchalantly put her hand on Rick's thigh, then asked if the dealership was "willing to deal" on the car. He looked nervously at me, then back at Connie, who said, "Don't worry about my husband. He knows that I want this car and I'm willing to do anything to get the best possible price."

Rick looked at me again anyway. I

grin, he agreed. We gave him our address and headed home.

As I drove, Connie was really jazzed and kept saying she couldn't believe she had just offered her body to a man. She grasped my hand and pulled it to her wet pussy. I started to rub her clit, and within a minute she came, screaming so loud that I had to open the car



smiled and said, "She likes the car, but I said we couldn't afford it unless she works out a really good deal."

Rick got out of the car, and while Connie remained in her seat, looking at the dashboard, he walked around to the driver's side and opened the door. She put her left foot on the pavement, keeping her legs far apart, and stayed in that position while she asked another question, giving Rick a good long look at her pussy.

Rick, knowing what my wife was offering him, and that I was okay with it, said he would pull the car off the lot and mark it as a pending sale. Connie suggested he bring the paperwork over to our house as soon as he got off work, and if the price was really good she'd sign the papers and "show you my appreciation." With a lecherous

window. Finally, as she was coming down from it, she pushed my hand away, saying, "No more now, honey, please. I have to save some for Rick when he comes over."

At five o'clock Connie freshened up and applied more perfume, and at half past five Rick was at our door. When I opened the door for him, I saw Connie's Lexus parked in the driveway! He had a packet of papers in his hand. As he came in the living room, Connie went up to him and gave him a peck on the cheek—at the same time pressing her luscious body into him.

She led him into the room and had him sit next to her on the couch, and I got all of us a glass of wine. He explained the deal he was offering: She would get the car as a "demonstrator," which would cost her less than what



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“Connie watched Rick undress. His washboard torso elicited a moan. When he dropped his boxers, she purred, ‘Oh, I’m going to love having *that* inside me’”

the dealership had paid for it, saving her about eight grand on the vehicle. She looked at me, and when I nodded, she smiled and asked Rick where she should sign. She signed the papers as indicated and wrote a check for the down payment.

As she stood up, she gave a glance my way, then said to Rick: “Now it’s time for me to make good on my promise—to both of you. Rick, give me two minutes, and have Walt show you to our bedroom.” And she got up and set out seductively down the hallway.

Two minutes later, as instructed, I led Rick to the bedroom. When I opened the door, there was my wife lying naked on our king-size bed, her right hand sliding slowly up and down her slit. As soon as Rick saw her, he let out a groan, then managed to say, “God, you’re beautiful!”

Connie smiled and told him she had never been unfaithful to me and this was to be a one-time thing to satisfy her husband’s fantasy. She asked him if I could record their lovemaking so

she could watch it from time to time. When he said it was okay with him, I grabbed the recorder and turned it on, sitting on a chair Connie had placed at the foot of the bed.

She told Rick to undress, and she watched intently as he did. His washboard torso elicited a moan from her, and when he dropped his boxers and out fell a thick cock that was big and thick even while only half-hard, she purred, “Oh, I’m going to love having that inside me!”

She patted the bed, and he crawled next to her. They started kissing, and as their hands explored each other, the bedroom became filled with their moans of delight. After a couple of minutes, she pushed him onto his back and started kissing and sucking her way down him. She ran her hands over his muscular chest repeatedly, telling him how much she liked it. Then, just as she does with me, she sucked both of his nipples and licked her way down to his navel. She rimmed it for a good minute, then moved down to his



cock, which was fully hard now—I'd say about eight inches. She nuzzled it while giving it loving kisses.

She looked up at him and said, "Enjoy this." Holding his hard-on upright, she gave a quick smiling look my way, then slowly took about five inches of it in her mouth. She held it there for a few seconds, and then—again just as she does with me—pulled the cock all the way out until her lips were just touching the tip. Then she dived down on it, and slowly drew back again, all the while applying a lot of suction.

Connie was sucking Rick just the way she does me, and he kept saying how good it felt. She continued it until she sensed he was ready to explode, at which time she pulled his cock out of her mouth and squeezed the base for a minute or so to calm him down. Once he was calmed, she resumed sucking. By the third time she stopped, he was begging to come, but she told him she was doing this so that when he did come, he would shoot buckets of jism down her throat.

She continued this start-stop action for about 20 minutes, and the poor bastard just kept on moaning and begging her to let him come. I was so turned on from filming this exquisite blowjob that my cock was tearing at my pants. At last Connie relented and increased the pace of her sucking. Rick groaned and announced that he was going to come. She moaned, and seconds later, growling, he started spraying her throat. She gulped several times, but he was coming so fast that come leaked out of the side of her mouth.

As soon as Rick was done coming, Connie started licking his shaft. As she does with me, she sucked gently on each of his balls as a means of getting him erect again. Sure enough, within five minutes his cock was hard. He was lying across the bed now, and this time when she started sucking him again, she swung around and planted her pussy on his face. He immediately started lapping at it, and that brought moans from my wife. She has always been highly vocal during sex, and she

thrives on sex of the oral kind. When she's really turned on, her pussy becomes a river of tasty juice.

I got up out of my chair and moved around so I could record Rick eating Connie's pussy. Her long legs were wide apart, and he was flicking his tongue back and forth on her clit. This had her moaning like crazy, and she started humping his face. This time she was so aroused that she didn't stop sucking his cock, and in less than five minutes they both came. Orgasm overtook Connie first. Then she pulled her mouth off Rick's cock and wailed for the longest time, and as she kept it up, he lost it and started shooting ropes all over her cheeks.

I captured that wild scene on video. Once Connie was done coming, she rolled off Rick, and I saw that his face was covered with her juices. I was so fucking horny, I couldn't stand it any longer! Since they were both just lying there, I left the bedroom to retrieve a camera tripod we keep in the foyer closet. I brought it back and set it up, and once I no longer had to hold the camera, I pulled out my cock and started stroking it for relief. When Connie saw me, she smiled and started stroking Rick's cock back to life.

A few minutes later, when he was hard, she pulled him on top of her, with her legs parted. He ground his dick along her slit for a minute or two, while kissing her. Then she began imploring him to fuck her. He got to his knees and rubbed the tip of his cock along her wet slit. She was begging him to enter her, until finally he slid slowly in her while she arched her back and groaned. Since his cock was about the same size as mine, she had no trouble taking it in.

As soon as Rick was all the way inside Connie, she wrapped her long legs around his ass and braced herself for the ride. He told her her pussy felt like a hot oven and she was very tight. My wife has excellent vaginal muscles, to the point where I've often



“When Rick’s cock slipped out of Connie’s pussy, I got a good shot of her dilated pussy leaking globs of come down her ass. That’s a sight I’ll never forget”

said that she could crack a walnut with them! I knew she would show him just how tight she can be!

As he started thrusting in her, she pushed her big tits together as an invitation for him to suck on them, which he readily accepted. He leaned down and sucked her right breast, which brought moans from her. As he slowly increased his tempo, she started gasping and moaning how good his thick cock felt inside her.

The sensation of having a new cock in her got Connie fired up, and she became extremely vocal, crying out stuff like “Yes, fuck me!” and “Oh God, fuck me!” Hearing her, I fisted my cock like a man possessed and soon was spraying come all over my abs and hand. Seconds later she had her first orgasm with another man’s cock in her pussy. She grabbed Rick’s ass with both hands and held him tightly to her, wailing all the while. When she finally let go, he kept thrusting steadily, and minutes later she wailed her way through another climax.

When she came down from orgasm, she unwrapped her legs from around Rick’s ass. He raised himself to a kneeling position and hiked her legs over his shoulders, then leaned forward so her legs were almost touching her shoulders. He held her that way as he began to really pound her. He fucked her for a good five minutes, until he said he was going to come, and she begged, “Come in me, baby! Pour it deep inside me! Come in me!” He gave several more thrusts, then belled like a bull as he emptied himself in her. He leaned down a bit farther, and they kissed briefly. Then he released her legs from his shoulders and collapsed on top of her.

They lay there for several minutes, until Rick’s cock slipped out of Connie’s pussy. He rolled off of her, and I got a good shot of her dilated pussy leaking globs of come down her ass. That’s a sight I’ll never forget!

They rested awhile, then started

kissing again. Then Connie moved down Rick and started sucking his cock. In no time she had it at full staff. She swung her legs over his body, with her back toward him, then guided his cock back to her pussy and slid all the way down on it. She grabbed his ankles with both hands and started to ride him—at an angle that seemed to really excite her.

As Connie bounced on Rick’s cock, her big breasts flailed about wildly. With her mouth open and her eyes clenched shut, she began making animal-like sounds. Maybe two minutes in, she had an intense orgasm. As she came, she threw her head back and made an unearthly sound while her whole body shook.

Rick dropped down onto the bed, with his cock still inside Connie at an unusual angle. After a couple of minutes she slid off his cock and turned right around and started sucking it. He groaned while thrusting upwards as she tried to take all of him down her throat. After sucking him for a minute, she crawled on her hands and knees to the center of the bed and gasped, “Do me from behind!” He immediately got to his knees, crawled up behind her and pushed all the way inside her, causing her to gasp.

Rick started driving into Connie like a wild man, and the force of his thrusts made her hanging tits swing forward and back with every thrust. She started gasping and crying out how amazing it felt, and tugged at the sheets like she was clinging to a cliff. She came again, screaming, and somehow Rick managed to keep pounding away, even though I knew Connie would be squeezing her vaginal muscles around his cock.

After a good 20 minutes of hardcore fucking, Rick announced that he was going to come. “Deep!” Connie cried out. “Shoot it deep!” And Rick rammed all the way in her and held still as he let loose with his semen. Connie, crying out that she could feel

him coming in her, reached between her legs and rubbed her clit. Her hand was like a blur as it moved over her clit, and seconds later she shouted again that she was coming. Then she collapsed on the bed. Rick flopped down next to her and held her while she gasped for air.

They lay there until Connie was able to regain her breath. Then they kissed. The bedroom reeked of their sex. I figured that she was done with Rick and

would send him packing. To my utter surprise, she offered to fix him something to eat! He accepted.

I looked at my watch and saw that it was almost eight o'clock. My wife had been at it for two hours! She came up to me and gave me a wet kiss, and said she hoped I liked the show. I told her that I did. Then she blew me away by saying she was glad I was enjoying myself, because she wasn't done yet. When I looked at her questioningly,

she reminded me that I promised she could do anything she wanted and I wasn't permitted to object.

Connie looked at Rick and asked if he had to be anywhere, and he said, "Not particularly." She smiled and said, "Good, because after we have a bite to eat, I want you to stay the night. As this is a one-time fling, we might as well make it last. My husband will be sleeping in the guest room tonight."

Then she paraded nonchalantly





“Connie’s devilish look told me she was up to something. She stroked Rick’s cock back to life, then purred, ‘Rick, I want you to fuck my ass while Tom films it’”

totally naked around the kitchen preparing a small dinner for the three of us. She had come running down her inner thighs and her right breast had two hickeys on it.

While we sat eating, Connie said with a smile, “Rick, every time I sit in my new car, I’ll remember sitting on your wonderful cock, and that’ll probably make my pussy cream a little.” He joked that she wouldn’t hurt the seats because they’re leather.

Right after dinner Connie asked me if I was up to recording some more video. I nodded, and the three of us headed back for the bedroom. I was hardly surprised when Connie once again started off by sucking Rick’s cock, and sure enough, once again each time he was on the verge of coming, she squeezed his shaft to hold him off. She kept taunting him that way for a good 20 minutes before rolling on her back and letting him enter her again.

Once again I jerked off while I watched my wife and her benefactor enjoying what I can only describe

as raw sex. This time he came quickly.

After that the two of them rested for a bit, until Connie gave me a devilish look that clued me in that she was up to something. She stroked Rick’s cock back to life, then purred, “Rick, I want you to fuck my ass. Tom does that all the time, but I want to have you do it—while he films it.”

He didn’t have to be told twice! He immediately got to his knees, and as soon as Connie was on her hands and knees he dipped his cock in her pussy and pumped it several times, then pulled out and aimed it at her back door. She slouched down so her shoulders were on the bed, then reached back and pulled her ass cheeks apart. Her brown rosebud was in plain view, and I zoomed in for a close-up just as Rick pushed forward.

As Rick’s cock entered Connie, she cried out, “Oh fuck yes! Do it, Rick!” He started thrusting, and she thrust backwards to meet his every stroke. Her left hand was tugging at the sheets again while her right hand rubbed her clit. She kept urging him



on. I knew that neither of them would last very long, and sure enough within a couple of minutes Connie started coming, and that in turn set Rick off. He rammed his cock all the way in her butt and held still until they were both finished coming. Then they fell on their sides, with his cock still embedded in her, and they stayed that way until his cock slipped out of her.

Connie invited me to retire to the guest bedroom so she could “continue paying for my beautiful new car.” As I got up to leave, she said to leave the door open. As a result of that, I woke up several times in the night to her screams of pleasure coupled with Rick’s grunts and groans. Well, I wanted to see my wife fuck another man. I certainly got that and more!

In the morning, Connie made us

breakfast, once again in the nude. I couldn’t help noticing that she had several hickeys on each breast and on her mound and inner thighs. At one point she came up to me and told me to run my hand up her thighs, which were wet. When she asked if I had my fantasy fulfilled, I said it was everything I’d hoped for and more.

Connie smiled and told me that after breakfast she was going to drive Rick back to the dealership in her new car so he could pick up his car. She went in the bedroom and changed into a thin sundress, and when she came out, I could tell by the way she walked that she wasn’t wearing anything underneath. She had the camera and tripod in her hand. “I may need these,” she said. Then they left.

It wasn’t until after ten that night that

Connie finally made it back home, and she came in with the look of one well-fucked woman on her face. Her inner thighs were soaked, and the back of her dress had a big wet spot by her ass. There were globs of dried come in her hair, and when she peeled off her sundress, I saw a lot more hickeys as well as come leaking out of her pussy and ass.

She gave me the most passionate kiss I had ever had and then said, “I’m done now. Now you can have me if you want.”

If I wanted?

I rushed her to the bedroom, and she gave me the most satisfying fucking of my life. I found myself energized at the thought of having sloppy seconds. We started off with me eating her well-fucked pussy, and I didn’t stop until she came. That spurred us both on like a pair of long-lost lovers coming together.

Then, while I fucked her, she told me what had happened after she dropped Rick off at the dealership. She followed him to his place, where he fucked her senseless all afternoon. Now she thanked me for agreeing to the deal, because she loved her new car. She asked if I had any regrets about what I had allowed her to do, and I said, “Absolutely not.” She got what she really wanted, and I got what I really wanted.

Monday night we spent several hours watching the video recording I made of Connie and Rick. We both got really turned on by the close-up shots of his cock sliding in and out of her, and we ended up making love for several hours.

Tuesday night we watched the video that Connie had filmed at Rick’s place. She was a sexual dynamo, fucking him repeatedly until he couldn’t do it anymore. After we’d watched that recording, Connie told me she loved me and she wouldn’t ever do anything like that again. I’m hoping she’ll change her mind!—T.F., Jacksonville, Florida

Pursuit & Capture



It's better to be chased than to be chaste

SHE MADE HIM A MAN AGAIN— WITH A LITTLE BIT OF HELP

After being widowed for the second time at the age of 48, I moped around for over a year, leaving my house only when it was absolutely necessary. However, there finally came a day when I realized that I had to get my ass out and make a life for myself again. The first thing I did was to book myself a long vacation at an fancy Caribbean island resort.



This expensive but luxurious resort was my home for the next 10 weeks. I spent most of my days by the pool, and took long walks on the beach after sunset. I didn't make much contact with my fellow guests until halfway into my second week. One day I was reading by the pool when I heard a man's voice saying hello. I looked up to see a tall, handsome gentleman who looked to be in his mid-60s, smiling at me as he held

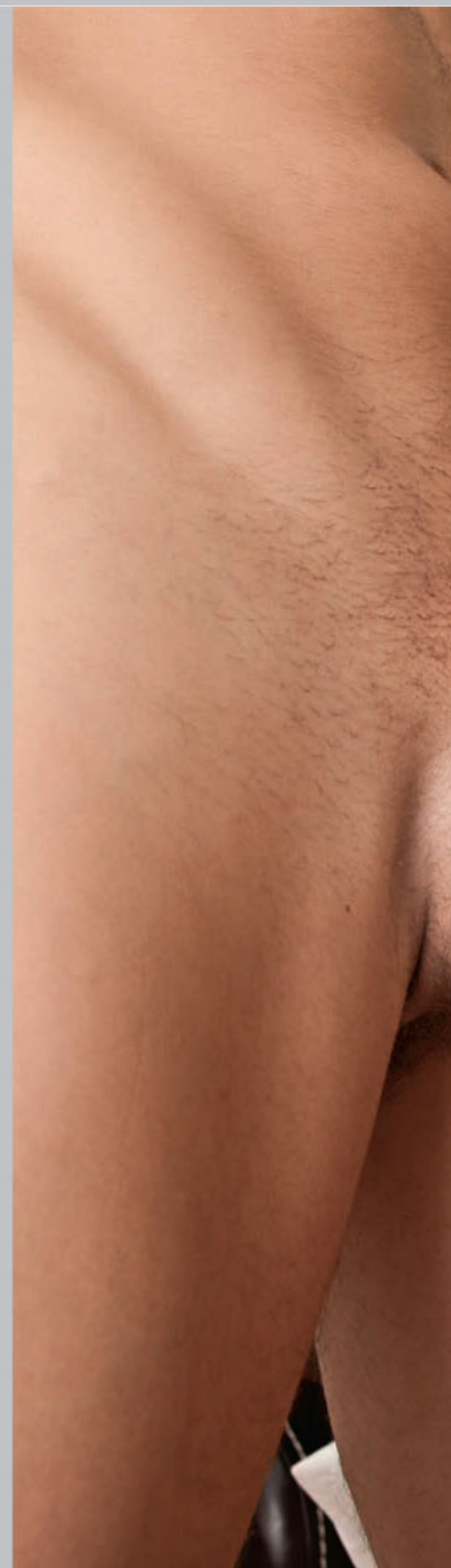
out one of the drinks he was carrying. He told me his name was Clark, and then said, "I've been seeing you every day, and finally decided that if I wanted to meet you I should come bearing drinks, in the hope that you would ask me to join you as we drank them."

I liked the look of him well enough to accept the drink, and invited him to sit down. As we talked I learned he was a retired businessman from Michigan, and had been divorced for some time. I found him easy to talk to, and both knowledgeable and humorous. We talked for most of the afternoon, and when he asked me to join him for dinner, I accepted.

After that Clark and I spent a lot of time together, touring the island and going out nearly every night. So I was not surprised when one evening, after walking me to my room, he took me in his arms for a passionate kiss. I had been expecting such a move for several days, and I didn't hesitate to kiss him back, after which I asked him if he would like to come in. Clark said he would, but he wanted me to know that he hadn't been with a woman for three years, and besides, he was no longer the young man he used to be. I kissed him tenderly and told him I understood.

Inside my room we sat on the sofa drinking wine and kissing for a while before we headed for the bedroom. While Clark went into the adjoining bathroom, I stripped and got into bed, covered only by a sheet. When Clark returned he was wearing just his boxer shorts. I had to smile at his modesty. "Lose the shorts, sweetheart," I said to him. "I'm naked under here."

I suppressed a giggle as he turned his back before slipping off the boxers, then slid under the sheet as quickly as he could. He lay on his back, stiff as a board, as I turned off the bedside light, then moved over to press my body to his, relishing the feeling of a man's naked body against mine for the first time in many months.







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We lay like that for quite a while before I began to kiss his neck. From there I worked my way up to his lips, kissing him with an open mouth and giving him plenty of hot tongue. It took him a moment to respond, but then he was kissing me back, his hand coming up to fondle my sizeable tits, which are still quite firm for my age. My nipples hardened quickly, which seemed to encourage him. After a few minutes he lowered his mouth to suckle on them, while his hand moved downward, his fingers combing through my curly bush. That hand moved between my legs, and I heard his sharp intake of breath when he discovered how warm and wet my pussy was.

He continued to kiss and nibble my sensitive tits while teasing my labia with his fingers. I tried to fondle his cock as well, but he kept it out of my reach as he moved down, trailing kisses over my tummy to my crotch. My heart pounded as I eagerly raised

“His tongue felt magical as he darted it up and down my lust-swollen vulva, though avoiding my clitoris, until I began chanting, ‘Eat me, yes, eat me!’ over and over as my body writhed on the bed”

and spread my legs to give him access to my needy cunt.

His tongue felt magical as he darted it up and down my lust-swollen vulva, though carefully avoiding my clitoris, until I began chanting, “Eat me, yes, eat me!” over and over as my body writhed on the bed. Then I froze for a moment as his mouth enveloped my cunt, and his tongue slowly began to circle my throbbing clit. I felt my orgasm building slowly, until after a long minute it burst like the Hoover

Dam! Waves of pleasure crashed through my body as I experienced my first climax with a man in far too long a time.

Clark moved back up to my tits, sucking and kissing my throbbing nipples as my pleasure subsided. I groped for his cock again, and this time I was able to reach it, but I was surprised when my hand curled around a soft little tube of flesh.

Clark spoke up then, in a subdued voice. “Remember, I told you before

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we started this that I wasn't the man I used to be."

"Don't worry about it," I said. "Just relax, okay?" And with that I scooted down to take his soft little peter in my mouth, nursing on it like a large nipple.

His cock slowly grew maybe an inch or so, and got a bit thicker, but showed no signs of becoming erect. I continued to suck him determinedly while massaging his large balls, but with no appreciable result. Finally I slipped my finger up his ass to massage his prostate, which eventually led to an ejaculation that filled my mouth with thick, tart-tasting semen. I looked up into his eyes as I swallowed it all down.

Clark thanked me profusely, telling me that that was the first orgasm he'd had in a really long time. He then said he'd better go and let me get some sleep, but I asked him to please spend the night with me, as I had been sleeping alone for too long. We fell asleep peacefully, wrapped in each other's arms.

When we woke in the morning, Clark again thanked me for the pleasure I had given him. "I have to thank you too," I said. "And I want you to know you gave some of the best head I've ever had—and that is saying something, because this girl has a lot of mileage on the old pussy!"

He turned onto his stomach and looked at me with renewed interest. "Do you mean you have had sex with men other than your husband?" he asked me.

"Oh yes, I was a cheating wife," I told him. "I cheated on my first husband even before we got married, and I started fucking around on my second three weeks after the wedding. My first hubby never found out, but my second knew all about my escapades, and loved me to tell him about them, especially while we were making love."

Hearing this seemed to have an arousing effect on Clark. His hand

drifted between my legs to finger the folds of my pussy, causing my juices to start flowing. At the same time he brought his mouth to mine in a warm kiss that quickly rekindled the smoldering fire in my loins.

We continued making out for another 10 minutes or so, and I was pleasantly surprised when he suddenly moved to mount me. I quickly spread my legs as he reached between our bodies to guide his cockhead to my eager entrance. His dick was no more than semi-erect, but he managed to slip it into my warm wet cocoon, and we were joined. He grunted softly as he pumped for about a minute before flooding my pussy with his semen.

He collapsed on me then, lying there until his flaccid penis slipped free of my clinging lips. I praised him for his accomplishment, but I was feeling quite frustrated. I was dying to get my hands on my pussy to finish what he'd started, but I didn't want to damage his ego. I finally excused myself to go take a shower. I started masturbating the moment I slipped in under the warm soothing water, and my release came quickly.

Later that morning Clark and I went for a drive up the coast. I spotted a drug store along the way, and asked him to stop, saying I wanted to pick up some vitamins. Inside the store I found what I was actually looking for—some packages of Viagra. In a casual manner I asked Clark if he had ever tried it. He said no, he had always been too embarrassed to ask his doctor about it. I pointed out that here on the island he didn't need a doctor's prescription. He hesitated, but then reluctantly agreed to purchase a small supply.

When we went to pay, the young female clerk smiled at us and told us she could recommend an all-natural island remedy that worked better than Viagra. Clark blushed as I told her we would take both of them.

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That night, at my suggestion, Clark took one of the all-natural pills before we went to dinner. It was supposed to take at least an hour to work, so we planned to go back to my room after eating and check it out.

Ninety minutes later we were back, and as we embraced and kissed warmly, I was pleased to feel a promising hardness rising against my tummy. I stepped back to reach around and unzip my dress, allowing it to slip down and pool around my feet as I unhooked my bra. Clark stripped down to his boxers, which were bulging nicely in front, and I took his hand to lead him to the bed. Lying down on my back, I stretched my body in a

“He dropped his boxers, exposing a lovely erection. I raised my ass as he slipped my panties off, then held my arms out to him, saying, ‘Fuck me, lover. I’m ready, and it’s easy to see that you are too’”

wanton manner, saying, “Would you please take my panties off Clark?”

He dropped his boxers, exposing a lovely five-inch erection, obviously looking for a nice warm place to hide. I raised my ass to assist him as he

slipped my panties off, then held my arms out to him, saying, “Fuck me, lover. I’m ready, and it’s easy to see that you are too.”

Clark settled gently into the cradle of my thighs, finding his target this

time with no need for assistance.

Being modestly hung, he had no problem entering my seasoned cunt, which had entertained some extremely large penises in the past.

Having been celibate for so long, however, I knew that my pussy would be plenty snug enough to provide a good fuck for this man, and I was prepared to fuck him all night if that was what he wanted. But after four or five minutes, Clark buried his face in my neck, groaning as he jerked and shuddered, spewing his warm creamy come as deep as he could into my pussy. I held him tightly, giving him little wet kisses while I praised his performance and told him how good it was for me.

Suddenly I realized that his cock had not gone soft, but was still as rigid as it had been when he first slipped it in me. Soon he was fucking me again, and this time he lasted long enough to bring me to a lovely orgasm. The pill seemed to be working better than we'd ever expected, and we actually fucked two more times before he became flaccid, with me climaxing gloriously each time.

Clark and I screwed every night after that, until his vacation was over and he had to return home. We parted sadly, but we both knew we had been like ships passing in the night. But he had certainly gotten me out of my doldrums, and when, the day after he left, one of the young pool attendants hit on me, I invited him up to my room.

That kid was hung like a horse, and fortunately had always wanted to experience an older woman. He kept me happy with his thick eight inches, and also introduced me to a couple of his well-hung friends, who were captivated with my ability to fuck them all night long.

When my stay was over I flew home with a very contented pussy in my panties, and the knowledge that I was well and truly started on my new life.—
M.K., Tulsa, Oklahoma

WHEN SHE'S OUT OF TOWN THIS WANTON LADY PLAYS AROUND

By husband Ron and I have been married for 18 years, and it has been an open marriage from the start. Actually Ron is a fairly faithful husband, but he doesn't mind the fact that I screw around. In fact it turns him on to have me tell him about my sexual liaisons.

Most of my extra-marital fucking takes place during the frequent business trips my job requires, and Ron always eagerly anticipates my return, knowing I will probably have some wild stories to tell him. Like the time I was snowbound on a business trip in the Midwest, in a place where there were many more stranded travelers than motel rooms. I ended up sharing the last available room (and my body) with four 20-year-old college students. We spent three days in that room, and I think that one or more of them had his cock in one of my holes the entire time.

There was no snow last July, however, when I had to fly to Dallas for a conference. In fact it was hot as hell, and at the end of each day's work I couldn't wait to get back to my hotel room and change out of my stuffy business suit and high heels into a light top and a comfortable pair of shorts.

In this weather I figured I could get away with wearing such an outfit when I went down to dinner in the hotel restaurant, although I knew it would attract some attention. At 36, I am not hard to look at, being five feet four and 110 pounds, with blue eyes, short dark hair and a 34C-22-33 body.

I drew the usual stares from some of the men as I enjoyed my dinner the first night, but it wasn't until the second night that I was actually approached. I was relaxing with a cocktail before ordering my meal, when a young man sat down opposite me. He was very polite and spoke with a French accent as he told me his name was Armand, that he lived just outside of Paris, and that this was his

first time in the United States. He apologized for his faulty English, and I felt obligated to tell him that his English was just fine. Although I said nothing to encourage him, he continued volunteering information, saying he was in town for an international exhibit of some kind, and that he had a wife and a year-old son at home. He was 24, and he was surprised when I told him I was 10 years older than he was, and then some. He said he didn't believe that, so I showed him my driver's license. This only seemed to make him more eager.

I found myself gradually warming up to this young man, and we had a very enjoyable conversation as we ate dinner together. Afterwards he somehow ended up accompanying me up to my room, and when we got to my door I suddenly found myself wrapped in his arms, our lips locked in a passionate kiss. From there it was only a step into my room, where we sat on the sofa making out as though we were lovers who hadn't seen one another for months.

The petting soon became hot and heavy as we kissed repeatedly, feeling each other up through our clothing, until finally I suggested we move to the bed. I threw back the covers, then faced him as I removed my top and bra, while he kicked away his shoes and ripped off his shirt.

He reached out to fondle the soft globes of my breasts while I ran my fingers over his chest, twirling the curly hair there before bringing my hand down to squeeze his hard cock. I felt him undo the snap and zipper of my shorts, allowing them to slip down around my ankles. I kicked them away as he opened his fly, then lay back across the bed as he dropped his pants and shorts.

His cock was beautiful, a good seven inches in length and surprisingly thick. It was the big glans that fascinated me; it was much bigger than the shaft, something I'd only seen



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a couple of times before, and I couldn't wait to feel it stimulating my vagina walls once he slipped it into me.

I raised my hips as he reached to pull off my wispy blue bikini panties, leaving me nude before his admiring eyes. He then sank to his knees and lowered his face between my open thighs to kiss the flowering pink dewy blossom of my vagina. He licked attentively around the swollen lips, then thrust his tongue rapidly in and out of my snug opening for about 30 seconds. He then climbed onto the bed and looked into my eyes as he moved up my body, pressing his hot hard cock against my thigh.

I asked him to scoot up so I could suck his cock, but he shook his head, saying that he was so excited that he would explode if I so much as touched him. "That is so sweet of you, Armand," I said, smiling at him. "But it would be much easier if you just got your first load off now and got it out of the way. I'll bet you won't even lose your hard-on when you come the first time."

He looked at me wide-eyed and asked if that meant we could do it more than once. I laughed and assured him we had all night to enjoy ourselves. With that he moved to me quickly, and when I reached out to guide him he told me not to touch it. And sure enough, no sooner did I feel the swollen head of his dick touch my slippery labia than he was spurting gushes of warm creamy come all over my vaginal opening. I swiftly reached out and guided him to the mouth of my vagina, then pulled his ass down, driving his still spurting cock into my cunt.

When he finished he looked down at me with a rueful expression on his face, and started to mumble an apology. "Don't be silly, Armand," I told him. "That's one of the most exciting things that's ever happened to me. Just knowing that my body could



"I told him I would really like to suck his cock, to give him some of the pleasure he'd been missing. He said he'd like that, but asked me not to make him come, because he wanted to fuck me again"

arouse you that much makes me feel really sexy. And I want you to fuck me as much as you can tonight, fuck me until I can't even walk. Okay?"

As I'd predicted, his cock had remained rock-hard, and my words gave him the added confidence he needed to give me a resounding fuck that lasted nearly 10 minutes before we came simultaneously, collapsing in each other's arms.

As we cuddled together, Armand told me that he and his wife had not

been getting along, and hadn't had sexual relations for well over a year. I kissed him tenderly and told him I would really like to suck his cock, to give him some of the pleasure he'd been missing. He said he'd like that, but asked me not to make him come, because he wanted to fuck me again.

It turned out I could only suck him until he became erect, as his cock-head just got too large to fit in my mouth. So he was soon fucking me again, lasting still longer this time and

bringing me to another great climax as he again flooded my womb. After that we did it doggie-style, then with me riding him while he reached up to fondle my bouncing breasts. Then we rested for a time, until he mounted me once again and screwed me in the missionary position until we were both worn out.

I vaguely remember him climbing on top of me for a brisk fuck sometime during the night, but I wasn't awake enough to really participate. He seemed to have a good time anyway, which made me glad for him.

I woke up the next morning with the warm sun shining in on us. Armand was still sleeping, so I moved down in the bed and began to lick at his cock, which immediately began to harden under my tongue. I was able to take it in my mouth briefly before it grew into full erection, and when I did he awoke with a groan. I smiled up at him as I released his dick with one last long slow suck, and he immediately reached down to pull me up over him until I was straddling his hips. His cock was now fully hard, and I quickly guided it inside me and started riding it, slowly at first, but picking up the tempo as Armand's hands found my bouncing tits and clamped onto them. In this position his cock felt even longer, and I gloried in the sensation as I took every inch of it inside me with each stroke. Finally my head fell back and I let out an unearthly cry of pleasure as I climaxed explosively.

Armand was still hard when I dismounted him and got off the bed, saying that I wanted to take a shower. I knew his throbbing pole would cause him to follow me into the bathroom, and it did. In the shower I soaped up his hard cock until it was at the point of bursting, then turned my back to him and bent over, spreading my legs and bracing my hands against the shower wall. I was giving him his choice of my pussy or my ass. Armand chose my pussy, which was

probably just as well. If I couldn't take him in my mouth when he was fully hard, I was pretty sure my ass couldn't do it either, although I would still have liked to try.

Armand and I fucked for the rest of the week, until my conference was over and I had to go home. I was sorry to see the last of his lovely cock, but I knew I had a loyal husband at home who would welcome me back by making passionate love to me, just as he had so many times in the past after I'd given myself to other men.—*Name and address withheld*

SHE HAD A PRIVATE PARTY WITH TWO GUYS—NOT HER HUSBAND

I am a woman in my early 40s, though many people tell me I look at least 10 years younger. I do take care of myself, and I enjoy the fact that men seem to find me attractive. I have long dark hair and green eyes, and my body is still slim and supple. My breasts are not large, but they are high and shapely, with little sag. My behind is still firm. I used to be a dancer and have always been vain about my legs, which are long, graceful and strong without being muscular.

While I have always enjoyed the physical pleasures of sex, I have only recently come to realize that I have an exceptionally healthy libido. I enjoy being turned on, and I like turning others on as well. Being able to arouse men gives me a sense of control and power that excites me. My husband has no issues with this, and in fact he likes it. He always tells me how good I look when I dress provocatively. I know it turns him on, as we always have great sex afterwards.

Recently we attended a birthday party for a friend, held at a local club. I took the opportunity to dress in a manner that was inviting and alluring without being vulgar. I chose a form-fitting skirt and blouse that displayed my figure nicely. The skirt had a slit up the front to about mid-thigh. With

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stockings and heels, it was slightly provocative, but tasteful. On impulse, at the last minute, I decided not to bother with panties.

At the party my husband and I found ourselves talking with two other couples with whom we were casually friendly. The men, Cary and Van, seemed to take more than a passing interest in me, while their wives were busily talking up my husband. I had a vague suspicion that the women had some kind of agenda, which had to do with making their husbands jealous. Perhaps the men had a similar motive, but it didn't matter to me. I was happy to be the center of their attention, and decided to play along and enjoy myself.

I soon found myself sitting at a table in a far corner of the club, with Cary on my right and Van on my left. As we talked I could see that both of them were stealing glances at my breasts. I had worn a kind of half bra, which in the right light allowed my nipples and

areolae to show faintly through the thin fabric of my blouse. I will admit that I enjoyed their glances, and the fact that my nipples hardened visibly under their eyes. I could feel the warm familiar sensation of arousal between my legs as the guys became more attentive, their glances bolder.

I had already had a couple of drinks, and was feeling bold enough to see how far they would go if I let them. I encouraged them by moving my body in an inviting manner, touching them and allowing them to move into my space. I knew I was turning them on. There was a palpable air of sensuality permeating the moment, and I allowed myself to go with it. I was aroused and wanted more.

I let my skirt ride up on my thighs, revealing my legs and the tops of my stockings. The men moved closer to me, complementing me on my legs. When I told them I had once been a dancer, Van suggested I dance with

Seeing the effect their caresses were having on me, the guys began to fondle me more openly. I parted my legs slightly to allow them to move higher. In short order I felt their hands on my upper thighs, above my stockings, moving upward to the spot where my legs came together. My vulva was swollen, and I could feel myself getting wet. My juices were beginning to flow, and the aroma of my sex was making its presence known. I found myself getting very turned on, and I told them so. I also told them I wanted to return the favor.

I reached out with both hands, one to either side, groping for their cocks under the table. I found them both hard, and discreetly began stroking and teasing them through their slacks as they continued to caress my legs. We kept this up for a short while, until Van went for the gold, parting my legs further as he slid his hand up until his fingers were stroking my labia. When

"The guys began to fondle me more openly. I parted my legs slightly to allow them to move higher. I felt their hands on my upper thighs, moving upward to the spot where my legs came together"

him now. I put him off, smiling and saying that I wasn't ready for that just yet, but that I was really enjoying their company. Both of them took the hint and moved closer. Then Cary put a hand on my right thigh and began to stroke it slowly, while Van did the same on my left. I enjoyed that immensely, sitting back in my chair as I allowed them to go on stroking my stockinged legs. I let out a sigh of pleasure and moved my hips slowly, as though I were restless and searching for something. And in fact I was.

one of them touched my clit it sent a bolt of pleasure through me and made me gasp sharply.

We were both surprised at this juncture, me because I hadn't expected so bold a move, and Van because he hadn't expected to find me naked under my skirt. But he took the opportunity to heighten my arousal even further. As he went on rubbing my pussy, Cary began to squeeze and play with my nipples. My breathing became labored as the intense pleasure surged throughout my body, and I felt



an orgasm building within me. I knew that if I lost control it might be obvious not only to the guys, but to some of the people around us as well. So I forced myself to push their hands away and pull down my skirt, telling Van rather breathlessly that I was ready to dance with him now.

My intention was to cool myself down a little, but it didn't work very well. On the dance floor Van pulled me close to him, and I could feel the hardness of his body against mine. I also felt him pulling at my skirt, lifting it up as we danced. I wasn't sure what he was doing, but the exhibitionist in me was enjoying it. When the skirt was halfway up my thighs, I felt him place his hard cock between my legs, the tip of it resting on my vulva. At first I was startled, but then I thought, why not? His dick felt nice and big, and I could feel precome oozing from it as it throbbed and pulsed between my legs. I was wetter than ever—not only because of what Van was doing, but

because I knew that other people were watching us now, and I didn't care anymore. I looked for my husband, but he was gone, along with the wives of the two men I was with. But I didn't care about that either.

When the dance was over and we returned to our table, Cary suggested that the three of us go outside and find a more secluded spot, and Van agreed. I was hot as hell. Out behind the club parking lot there was a dark, untended grassy area, with a low stone wall along one side. Van sat down on the wall and pulled me toward him. I pushed against him and we kissed passionately. I felt his hands pulling my blouse open and my half bra down, so he could get at my breasts. As my tongue explored his mouth I unzipped his slacks and took his cock in my hand. It was throbbing and dripping profusely, and I wanted to feel it drip into my mouth. I pushed him back, then began to suck and lick his hard, pulsing pole.

I wasn't at it very long before I felt Cary raise my skirt to my hips and begin stroking and fondling my buttocks. His hands soon slid between my legs, teasing my swollen clit and sending shocks of pleasure shooting through every nerve in my body. I could actually feel my nipples tingle with pleasure each time he touched my clit. After a minute he placed his cock between my thighs, and I could feel him moving up, spreading my pussy lips and positioning himself at my opening. God, I wanted him! I was moaning with pleasure around the stiff dick in my mouth as I waited impatiently to have another one stuffed inside me.

Cary's cock felt even larger than Van's, and at first he seemed to have some difficulty getting it in. I could feel my pussy lips being stretched deliciously, and then suddenly he grabbed my hips and thrust hard, ramming that thick rod into my vagina with one stroke. It startled me, and I



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gasped for air, pulling my mouth from Van's cock and freezing there for a moment as I adjusted to this new experience.

Cary's dick was filling my vagina with its massive girth, stretching me as I had never been stretched before. But any discomfort I felt was completely overwhelmed by the most intoxicating pleasure, which swiftly heightened my already intense desire. I wanted that cock, I wanted both their cocks. I wanted to be fucked royally, and somehow I knew Cary and Van would not disappoint me.

Cary now began to screw me with long slow strokes as I returned to Van's cock, tonguing the head and sucking down the juices that dripped from it. Van was soon moving his hips up and down, fucking my mouth. I loved knowing I was giving him pleasure, and would soon have him squirting down my throat.

It must have been a sight to behold—a woman my age, her blouse undone, her naked breasts swaying, bent over and sucking cock, her skirt up to her hips as she was fucked vigorously from behind. Even now I get excited again just thinking about it.

I knew there was no holding back my orgasm now as I moaned and slobbered around Van's cock, and when Cary rammed himself into me with a particularly powerful thrust, while rubbing my clit at the same time, it sent me over the top and made me scream out in ecstasy. Waves of indescribable pleasure spread from my pelvis up through my body, leaving my nipples hard and tingling. In my passion I found myself squeezing and twisting my tits and nipples to make the pleasure last a bit longer.

As I began to come down, Van pushed my hands from my breasts and commenced squeezing and fondling them himself, while Cary continued to fuck me with hard long strokes, slamming into my pussy like a man possessed. With Van sucking on my

nipples and Cary doing me from behind, I felt another orgasm quickly building in my loins. I was moaning some gibberish about wanting more cock when Cary picked up the pace and began to fuck me even harder. He then grabbed my hips and thrust as deeply as he could into my pussy. I felt his cock spasming and his semen squirting into my vagina for what seemed to be a long time. This sent me into ecstasy again. My orgasm was shorter this time, but so intense that it left me shaking for several minutes afterwards.

While both Cary and I were now satisfied, at least for the moment, Van was still hard and throbbing, so as soon as I had recovered I told him to lie back so I would finish what I had started. I like sucking cock, and while Van's dick wasn't as large as Cary's, it was very well proportioned, with a thick shaft and a nicely shaped head that still oozed precome.

I placed my mouth over that lovely penis and began to suck it with long loving strokes, occasionally stopping to flick my tongue over the head while stroking his shaft with one hand and rubbing his balls with the other. I repeated this over and over until I had him panting and squirming. I knew he was about to come when his body stiffened and arched upward, plunging his cock deeply into my mouth. I cupped his balls and deep-throated him until I heard him moan with pleasure, and felt the first pulse of his shaft as his semen burst into my gullet. I swallowed it down and continued to lick and suck between gulps until he had emptied his balls.

After that we took a few moments to compose ourselves and adjust our clothing before returning to the party. "I wonder what our wives are doing with your husband," Cary said to me, and I said we'd better go find out.

Well, we did. But that's a story for another time.—*F.C., Birmingham, Alabama*

We always say it's better to be chased than to be chaste. If you've had an experience you think will turn fellow readers on (and maybe inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own!), write a letter and send it to: **Penthouse Letters**, Department PC, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or you can e-mail your letter to: letters@ffn.com

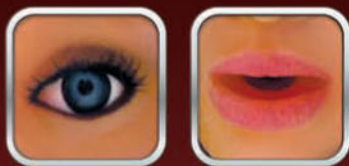
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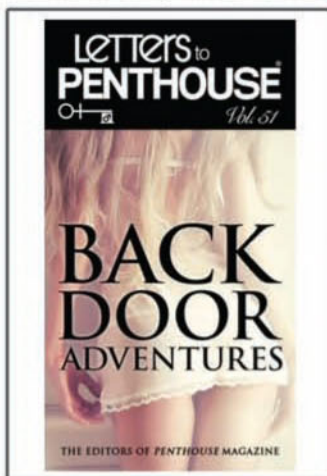
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